The New-Yorker.

BY H. GREELEY & CO. OFFICE 127 NASSAU-STREET. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. II. NO. 20. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4, 1837. WHOLE NO. 46.

ZILLAH.

A FRAGMENT OF A JEWISH TALE.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

"A Saracen Captain sailing from a port in Spain captured a vessel having on board several Jews of distinction, among whom were a young man and his wife, a woman of exquisite beauty. Having received some insults from the Captain, she asked, "Shall those who are drowned in the sea revive at the Resurrection?" She was answered in the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord said, I will bring again from the depths of the sea;" and she immediately flung herself into the waters." *Jus Regium Hebr.*

I.

THE din of conflict ceased;—on high
Dark clouds ascended from the main
As if to robe the vaulted sky
In mourning vesture for the slain
Who late with exultation heard
The soul-arousing signal word
Go up, when met the hostile ships,
In thunder from a thousand lips:
Who lately, prodigal of life,
Moved sharers in the gory strife,
While Havoc shook his wings of flame,
And Death, in terror shrouded, came.
No sheet, within its tarry fold,
Wraps mournfully their bodies cold;
Nor yew, nor solemn cypress throws
Sepulchral gloom where they repose.
For ever deaf to boatswain call
They sleep in Ocean's charnel hall,
And monarch waters, in their might,
Above them roll with crowns of white.
No eye shed tributary tear
When darkly ended their career,
Nor were the brave "with dirges due"
Committed to the waters blue.
Far from the quietude of home
The blood of sire and brother gave
Deep tints of crimson to the foam
That crested fearfully the wave.

II.

War furled his wing;—the Infidel
His ocean conquest dearly bought,
For in the hour of trial well
The sons of Israel had fought.
The cry, "Our hold aleak has sprung!"
In them, though shroud in tatters hung,
And reeling deck was strewn with dead,
Had woke no unresisting dread.
Despair, in that appalling hour,
Had nerved the feeble frame with power,
And, with the strength of manhood, strung
The untried sinews of the young.
When the tall mainmast, like some oak,
Uprooted by the whirlwind, fell,
In stern defiance through the smoke
Had rang their battle yell.
Admiring Athens deified
Such children in her day of might,
And Fame inscribed their names, allied
To daring, with a look of pride,
Upon her tablets bright:
And worthy, would have been such sons
Of Judah, when her mighty ones,
With Maccabeus in the van,
Smote down the vaunting Syrian;
Or in that hour when Jew of old
Proud Rome, with desperation, met,
While, red with slaughter, Kedron roll'd,
And charging shouts shook Olivet.

III.

It is a melancholy sight
To see that bird of regal sway
Who holds, in dazzling realms of light,
Proud converse with the King of Day,
By shaft of hunter wounded lie,
With ruffled plume and closing eye,
On common earth far, far below
His throne, whence Alpine blossoms grow:—
It is a melancholy sight
To mark the hungry raven hover,
When ended is the stormy fight,
Above the father, friend, or lover;
To see, unmindful of the rein,
The gallant steed, with nostril spread,
And gore-drops clinging to his mane,
In death extended on the plain
That echoed to his tread,
When hills sent back the charging cheer,
And sunlight shone on casque and spear—
But far more saddening to the view
To scan some ship bereft of sail,
Deserted by her hardy crew,
And drifting wildly with the gale.
One gazing on that floating wreck
Bethinks him sadly of the day
When hundreds stood upon the deck,
And winds made glad her way;—
When weeping on some distant shore
Stood faithful wife and sylph-like maid
To see the flying bark, that bore
Their loved ones, in the distance fade.
While that lone wreck with riven sides
Dismasted on the billow rides,
The trembling gazer asks the main
To tell her history in vain—
In fancy vieweth wan Despair
Cling wildly to the broken mast,
While wreaths of foam bedeck his hair,
And sweeps, in terror by, the blast.

IV.

Where are the barks that lately gave
A ruddy radiance to the wave,
While the stern voice of War from sleep
Awoke the monsters of the deep?
One floats with helm and cordage gone,
And deck in carnage deeply dyed,
Unguided through the sea whereon
She lately rode a thing of pride:
With spar of strength, and mast that vies
In grace the palm the other flies,
And proudly on the water flings
The shadow of her mighty wings.
The dolphin, in her dazzling track,
Comes up to "bare his golden back,"
And with the rustling of her shroud
The white surge blends its murmur loud.
With glance, expressive of command,
Her turbanned Captain waves his hand,
And, courted by the whistling gale,
Streams haughtily the crescent pale.
Rich goods and bags of Jewish gold
Are lying in her darksome hold—
Ferocious is the Chief whose sway
The tenants of that ship obey;
On his forbidding brow and cheek
Deep scars his bloody trade bespeak.
With hasty stride and eye of fire
He walks the deck in proud attire;
A scarlet turban, fringed with gold,
Begirts his brow with silken fold—
Beneath his oriental vest
With jewels sparkling heaves a breast
Wherein Compassion never dwelt,
That never thrill of terror felt.
One gazing on his swarthy face
The darkness of the soul would trace,
And inly whisper—"Not more vain
Would be petition to the main,
When tempest-sprites their wings unfold,
And revel on his bosom bold,
Than wild appeal to him for life
From lip of foeman in the strife"—
The crooked weapon at his side
His arm in many a fight hath tried,
And never more unsparing sword
Drank blood in grasp of ocean lord.
At times he cast his vengeful eye
Upon a group of captives nigh,
Replying to the word of fear,
And anguished cry with brutal jeer—
Surveying chain-encircled limb,
And gaping wound with visage grim,
Then murmuring with purpose dark—
"A pretty banquet for the shark!"
Or drowning with his crew in song
The wailing of the captive throng.

SONG.

I.

We lead not the life of the slave,
We fear not the frown of a king;
But free as the foam-crested wave
We wander like birds on the wing.
Our foemen, though valiant, despair
When our ebony hull is descried;
The streamers we give to the air,
In the purple of conquest are dyed.

II.

We exult when the signal is made
To clear our broad deck for the strife!
We exult when the gleam of each blade
Is dim with the red tide of life.
We had rather have Ocean our grave
Than, Earth, in thy bosom repose!
For a shroud have the white of the wave,
And sleep where the red coral grows.

* * * * * * * *

V.

Amid the sad, desponding crowd
Yon matron mark of bearing proud—
Her regal spirit scorns to show
Submission to the Paynim foe;
No outward sign betrays the storm
That rages inwardly; her form
Is like the work of sculptor rare,
Or shape that haunts a poet's dream—
Inwoven with her sable hair
Gems of transparent lustre gleam,
The coral beads are dull in hue
Contrasted with her lip of dew;
Her robes with diamond lustre blaze,
But her dark eye has brighter rays—
Their lids, by tear unwet, proclaim
That Courage nerves her fairy frame—
While gazing on the pirate Chief,
Her looks are unallied to grief;
The face of Judith when she bent
To dye her snowy hand in gore
Above the victim in his tent,
A like expression wore.
While sullen clang of iron gyves
From manly cheek the color drives,
Her features, beautifully fair,
The flush of indignation wear.
While startling peals of Corsair-mirth
In other hearts to fear give birth,
With frown that would befit a queen
When murmurs rise from subject bands,
And lordly anger in her mien
The lovely Jewess stands
Strong in affection by the side
Of *one* whose glances seem to say,
"Yon waves, that now so gently glide,
Ere long will clasp their hands, my bride,
Above their unresisting prey!"

VI.

One month on fleeting wing hath flown
Since Zillah gave her heart to him
Whose soul was kindred to her own;
And fancied, in the Future dim,
She saw beneath a cloudless sky
The sea of Life untroubled lie,
While on its breast a graceful pair
Their barks to blissful ports were steering,
With features by the hand of Care,
And touch of Time, undimm'd appearing.
She thought not on her bridal day,

As Mirth within her breast held sway,
That blight would ever mar the rose
  Expanding in the light of love—
That waves of trouble soon would close
  Her radiant dreams of bliss above—
While uttering the marriage vow
  In accents passionately sweet,
The light of joy was on her brow,
  And thrillingly her pulses beat.
No Sibyl of the Future threw
  Athwart her path one darkling shade,
Proclaiming that the rainbow hue
  Of cherub Hope too soon would fade.
No warning voice rang in her ear,
  "Thy horoscope is overcast—
The time of agony is near—
  Thy dreams are fated not to last!"
While leaning fondly on her lord,
Whose ear drank in each honeyed word,
Unto her lips she little thought
  The Minister of Ill would raise
His cup with deadly poison fraught,
  In the glad Spring-time of their days.

* * * * * * *

Morn on the mighty deep! from rest
Light winds awake his billowy breast,
And sunlight, on the plumy snow
Of Ocean, flings a crimson glow.
Thy waters wide, majestic sea!
Roll onward with a voice of glee,
When Dawning gilds with radiant glance
The beauty of thy broad expanse—
When blushing morn looks fondly down
On isles, green jewels in thy crown,
Whose shores are musical with birds
That feed upon thy scaly herds.
Strange shapes to hail the first bright streak
In throngs the upper waters seek
With plashing fin, in mimic strife,
As if they felt a newer life.

VII.

Morn on the waves! yon gallant bark,
Whose hull is ominously dark,
Moves bird-like on the heaving waste,
As if to reach her port in haste.
The subject waters seem to say
That dash against their sides in spray,
"Proud Queen, submissively we feel
The touch of thy dividing keel!"
As if rejoicing that old Night
  No longer veils the foamy seas,
Exultingly her wings of white
  Are flapping in the breeze.
Who would not think, while in her course
Yon vessel spurns the billows hoarse,
And walks the deep, a thing of grace,
Swift as the charger in the race,
While welkin blue and gilded brine
Of coming ill disclose no sign,
That hearts with happiness replete
For such a vessel would be meet?
Ah, sunlight often robes the sky
When storms and Death are lurking nigh—
Oft crouching in the thicket green
The panther marks his prey unseen:
The rose, within its inmost fold,
  The dark, devouring worm may hide,
And grace may fashion in her mould
  Things to impurity allied.
Mild Autumn like a mourner grieves
  For all things withering away,
While robes of loveliness she weaves
  That vie in tint the close of day;
And dying Beauty on her cheek
  Too often wears deceptive glow,
When pulse is tremulously weak,
  And hollow is the voice and low.

VIII.

Yon vessel moving with the speed
Of falcon by the keeper freed,
When, startled by the tramp of feet,
The heron leaves his lone retreat,
Bears one upon her deck whose soul
  Is dark, unlike his own bright clime,
And outlaws own his stern control
  Who daily quaff at founts of crime.
Strong men, with hearts about to break,
  And tender wives with features wan,
Are gazing on her snowy wake
  Empurpled by the smile of dawn.
It is the bark that Zillah bears—
  She stands amid yon captive crowd,
Her pallid countenance still wears
  An aspect of endurance proud.
While others raise the cry of wail,
  And clank in agony their chains,
The peerless subject of my tale
  To give her sorrow voice disdains.
In the pale beauty of her face
Observant eye can changes trace,
While sparklingly her glances shew
The beautifying power of Wo.
The spectral outlines of her frame
Grief's desolating touch proclaim—
Though hum of insect in the glade,
  Or dash of wavelet, plumed with foam,
In better days her bosom made,
  Of pleasant thoughts, the angel home—
In vain, in vain the swelling sea,
  And lulling winds that gently stir
The canvass with a voice of glee,
  Awake their minstrelsy for her.
Ah, joys that once illumed her brow
  No longer hold her heart in thrall,
The melodies of Nature now
  Upon her ear unheeded fall:
For *one* is missing from her side
  Who was the idol of her soul,
In hoarse accord the waters wide
  Above his mangled body roll.

IX.

When Night upon her starry throne
Held undisputed sway and lone,
And moonlight to the trembling wave
A soft but spectral radiance gave,
He seized with iron grasp his chain,
  As if endued with giant strength,
And after many efforts vain,
While glowing Madness fired his brain,
  From bondage burst at length.
The cunning Corsair heard the sound
  Of strong link breaking, with a clang,
And stealing lightly, with a bound
  Upon his frenzied victim sprang;
His right arm, used to felon deed,
  The Corsair raised with ready skill—
One thrust of his stiletto freed
  The crazed one from his load of ill.
The pleading look and wild appeal
Of Zillah could not stay the steel;
She saw him fall, and from his side
The red stream gush in bubbling tide,
Then fell herself, as if the blade
A sheath of her own breast had made,
While fearfully his spouting gore
The white robe purpled that she wore.
Her ear heard not the gurgling sound
Of hungry waters closing round,
As lustily the ruffian cast
His victim to the ocean vast,
Or marked the grim exulting smile
That lighted up his face the while:
Extended on the deck she lay
  As if the war of life was over,
As if her soul had fled away,
To realms of never-ending day,
  To join the spirit of her lover.

X.

She woke at last from her long swoon,
To hope that Death would triumph soon,
And the mad pulses of her frame
With icy touch for ever tame:
She woke with features ashy white,
  And wildly gazed upon the plank
That deeply, freely in the night
  The crimson of his veins had drank;
Then raising heavenward her eye,
  In still, expecting posture stood,
As if a troop from realms on high
Were coming down with battle songs,
  To wash out sternly in the blood
Of coward hearts her many wrongs:
No tear-drop came to her relief
In that wild, parching hour of grief:
The tender plant of Love, she knew,
  Would into verdure break no more—
The spot was arid where it grew
  In green luxuriance before.
She knew henceforth her lot below
  Would be to quaff the cup of pain—
On thing of Earth she could not throw
  The sunlight of her smile again—
The voice was still whose melting tone
Had vied in sweetness with her own—
The hiding wave had closed above
The only object of her love:
And Rispah,* as strict watch she kept,
  While cold, like forms of Parian stone,
Her sons on gory couches slept,
  Felt not more desolate and lone.

XI.

In many hearts the gloomy sway
Of Sorrow lessens day by day,
Until the charms of life at last
Blot out remembrance of the past:
As winds may kiss the trampled flower,
  And lift again its bruised leaf,
So Time, with his assuaging power,
  May stay the wasting march of Grief:
But hearts in *other* bosoms beat
  Where Anguish finds a lasting seat—
That heal not with the lapse of Time:
  Too delicately strung for Earth,
Whose chords can never after chime
  With peals of loud, unmeaning mirth.
Weeks flew: but Zillah in their flight
  Strove oft, but vainly, to forget
The horrors of that fatal night,
When her beloved star, whose light
  Made bondage pleasant, set.
No murmur from the lip outbroke,
  Though suddenly her cheek grew thin—
No quick, convulsive start bespoke
  The desolating fire within.
Her dark eye rested on the wave
  By day and in the hush of eve,
As if, ere long, the wet sea cave
  Her buried one would leave,
And, drifting suddenly in view,
His murderer with dread subdue!
Ah, I have said the stately mien
Of Zillah would befit a queen,
That lawless Crime could ill withstand
Her innate bearing of command.
Alas! regality of soul
Gives Agony supreme control,
And prompts the wretched one to hide
  Consuming pangs from vulgar gaze—
To nurse in uncomplaining pride,
  The scorpion that preys.

XII.

One blessed evening when the light
Of starry hosts made Ocean bright,
An aged Rabbi woke the lay
Of Judah in her mightier day—
Of olden time when gladsome strains
Ascended from her holy plains,
When every rock beneath her sky
Rang with the voice of prophecy—
When musical were grove and glade
With prayer by simple herdsmen made—
Ere fires of sacrifice grew pale
On blooming height, in flowery vale—
Then changing skilfully his strain,
  While newer life each sinew strung,
And triumph in his breast held reign,
  The glory of his fathers sung.
The music in its proudest swell
Cold on the ear of Zillah fell—
Bold notes, with patriot ardor fraught,
No change in her appearance wrought—
She tamely heard ancestral praise,
And fixed no kind approving gaze
Upon the Rabbi as his lay
In trembling cadence died away.
The current of her thoughts in one
Unvaried channel darkly run—

* II. Samuel, xxi. 10.

Her love of olden time had fled,
Her heart was with the early dead.

XIII.

While marking her abstraction lone,
The old man said, with darkening brow,
And stern displeasure in his tone—
"Unthinking one! forgettest thou
Jerusalem, the home of sire—
Of beauty the perfection, where
King David woke the sacred lyre,
And moved his tuneful lip in prayer?
Shall apathetic fetter bind
Thy native majesty of mind
While the rapt minstrel breathes with pride
One name to Israel allied?
Why gaze as if thy murder'd mate
Was near in disembodied state;
Why sorrow that his form of grace
Yon ocean folds in wet embrace?
From his shut eye the fitful ray
Of frenzied grief hath fled away;
No dreams of startling horror now
Contort the marble of his brow:
His manly heart is well at rest,
By throb of madness unoppress'd—
Full many fathoms low his head
Lies sweetly on a briny bed,
Nor taunt, nor execration deep
Disturbs the quiet of his sleep.
If word of mine was fraught with power
To animate the dead this hour,
I would not call thy lover up
From his calm resting in the main,
To curse existence, and the cup
Of Fortune deeply quaff again,
Unless to blanch, with spectral stare,
The visage of that man of guilt,
Who stole upon him unaware
Of danger, in his deep despair,
And plunged the dagger to its hilt."
The growling voice of ruffian nigh
Outspoke ere Zillah could reply—
"That weapon mark! its crimson hue
Tells fearfully of him I slew—
Beware, old dotard, ere its blade
Familiar with thy heart be made!"
The old man started, and his look
Withdrawing from the mourner pale,
Saw, while the blood his cheek forsook,
The Corsair of my tale:
His features in the moony light
A smile of evil import wore;
The scar of some terrific fight
His turbaned forehead bore:
The stern expression of his face
At length to irony gave place,
And hellish satisfaction shone
On each dark lineament impress'd,
While thus in simulating tone
His captive he address'd:
"Though passion fires that sunken eye,
The young in years and gray of hair
United in the marriage tie,
Will never make a loving pair.
Much rather would yon matron feel
The pressure of this hand of steel
Than round her fairy waste have thrown
An arm, all shrivell'd, like thine own!"

XIV.

Roused by the taunt of the Pirate Chief
From her drooping attitude of grief,
The sufferer stood with eye upcast,
As if her prayer had been heard at last,
And a message from Heaven was borne on the air
That seraphs would hasten on pinions of light,
And her soul, from the thrall of mortality, bear
To a realm never dim with the presence of Night.
From her brow the sign of Health had fled,
And the shrunken veins were there instead;
By robe invested was her frame
That well the white of her cheek became:—
Inwoven with dark ringlets, shone
The dazzling blaze of a diamond stone
That her passionate lover gave away,
With a stolen kiss, on her bridal day.
O, that some sculptor
With chisel in hand,
While the warm glow of Thought
By Religion was fann'd,
Could the Jewess have seen
Looking sweetly to Heaven,
And her angel-like glance
To cold marble have given—
Or some exquisite Painter,
On that mystic hour,
When Genius best governs
The pencil of power,
Could but one fleeting moment
On Zillah have gazed,
With her wan lips apart,
And her dark eye upraised.
Has she heard from her Maker
The mandate—"Live on!"
I know not! her gaze
From the sky is withdrawn,
And imploringly rests
On the Rabbi, who stands
With his old limbs encircled
By prisoning bands:
She addresses him now—
"When the last trumpet calls,
And the sleepers of Earth
Leave the gloom of her halls,
Will the dead whose bones whiten
The floor of the Deep,
Hear the life-giving summons,
And waken from sleep?"
While the mingling emotions
Of grief and surprise
In his mien are depicted,
The Rabbi replies—
"Is the promise of God
Not familiar to thee:
'Again will I bring
From the depths of the sea!'"
That Being whose arm
The mad waters divided,
And our fathers through haunts
Of the sea-monsters guided;
That Being whose terrible
Majesty gave
For a tomb to proud Egypt
The bed of the wave,
Will make, the Last Day,
His Omnipotent word
In the most secret place
Of yon Ocean be heard."
He spake:—and the beautiful
Mourner appears
Like saint newly freed
From the sorrow of years—
One moment she lingers
With foot on the rail,*
While around her the moon
Throws a loveliness pale—
The next, shrieking wildly,
"I come, murder'd lover!"
Leaves her perilous footing—
Wild waves roll above her!

* Rail—a narrow plank nailed for ornament or security on a ship's upper works.

Translated for the New-Yorker.

THE CATACOMBS OF THE CAPUCHINS AT PALERMO.

We paid a visit yesterday to the Convent of the Capuchins. Three or four brothers of the order, with long beards and coarse tunics, bound with a cord round the middle, came forth to receive us. One of them obligingly offered to conduct us into the cells of the chapels. The intent of our visit was to see the famed catacombs of this monastery. I said so to our guide, who soon halted before a door opening into the grand cloister. A long flight of stairs conducted us to the centre of the three caves, lighted up by a window pierced in the extremity of the vault.

Never was a more frightful spectacle displayed before mortal eyes. The walls were filled with narrow niches, whence hung or bent forward, as if ready to fall on the visitor, the shrivelled corpses of a countless multitude of monks, clothed in the habits of their order. Their hands were folded on their breasts or dangled at their sides. Their faces, though blackened and sunken, preserved yet the ghastly expression of life; their crowns of hair stood on end around their naked craniums; their teeth often broken and blackened in their mouths, gaping frightfully; their noses were drawn in—their cheeks sunken and hollow. One would have thought that they had been stricken with some terrible disease, rather than dead. An inscription bearing the name of each brother, the date of his birth and of his decease, was stuck on his *capuchon*.

Before the niches, were ranged in three or four files long coffins, covered with the most fantastical devices, and containing, as our guide said, the remains of noble Sicilians.—On a long plank above the monks, about a hundred children, from the age of one to five years, were seated on the little chairs which had served them while living. All were dressed in the gayest manner possible; caps of all fashions covered their little blackened skulls. Most of the number held in their two hands stuffed parrots or *polichinels*; two or three had a dog and a parrot seated on their knees, embalmed to the life. The brains of our fantastic writers have produced nothing so monstrous as this collection of little dried mummies—as the strange contrast of their dead bodies with their gay dresses. One of them held a whip in his hand, and, the arm being attached in the air, he seemed about to give a blow to one of his neighbors; but the muscles of his neck having decayed too far, his head hung on his bosom, and his cap, fallen a little to the side, displayed his little black skinless cranium in a most grotesque attitude. This spectacle, at once horrible and comic, drew from me a Mephistophelian smile. The old monk was shocked at my irreverence; he crossed himself, and I entered into my joyless gravity once more. To smile in the presence of such a scene was but a tomb-fire—a sudden flash of lightning, vanishing fast as it came.

We found many long galleries peopled with the same kind of inhabitants—dead monks suspended in their niches—in front, the coffins of the nobles—and above, the rows of children seated in their tiny chairs. "There are more than three thousand bodies in these caves, monks as well as seculars," said our guide. "Some are very old; that which you remark there has been a hundred and fifty years in his niche; you may read on the label the date of his death." It was not one of the monks which had been carefully preserved; his tongue protruded from his mouth. The brother took it between his fingers, and made it rattle upwards and downwards against the ghastly jaws; it looked like a morsel of dried eel-skin, and was as sharp as a nail.

At the end of the last passage, a cave newly constructed has been reserved for the women. We counted nine of them stretched on white cushions. "They have all died this same year," said our cicerone. "This here appertains to one of the first families of Sicily; her sister—her twin sister (and you might have mistaken one for the other) is the most elegant dame of Palermo." The poor dead lady was stretched on her back, behind a screen of trellice-work, with a bouquet of artificial white roses in her waistband, and a crown of pearls entwined mid her black tresses; her little hands and her face were already blackened by exposure to the air; and in her skin, hardly dried up, I perceived a multitude of small white ants. I struck with my cane the plank on which the body rested, and the whole hideous section of an ant's nest hurried by handfuls out of the mouth and nostril, disturbed by my indecorous intrusion!

On our regaining the stair-case, the brother showed us some niches more profound, where the bodies were placed during the first six months. Happily there was not there a fresh body at the time of our visit. "The stench is insupportable for a week or two," said the monk; "but they cave them to dry here, and place them next in the caves according to their sex and profession. A cord, passed round the body, attaches each monk in his narrow niche, and he stands there till his worm-eaten bones are detached from one another and fall to pieces."

We hurried as fast as possible up the sombre staircase; and after having made a donation to the monk, hastened from the cloisters to our carriage, when we met two brothers bearing along a chair whose *persecuteurs* were closed.—Our cicerone called us back, and opened the door. An old woman with gray hair was seated and fastened down by means of two cords and two rings. She had died that very

morning, and, clad in her rich garments, she was on her way to take her place in the catacombs. The contrast of the livid and cadaverous tint of the deceased with the dazzling whiteness of her satin gown made me stagger back with an unaccountable feeling of horror and disgust. How I felt the trot of our carriage horses slow which bore us from the monastery! How freely I breathed when removed from the fetid atmosphere of death, half an hour afterwards, when we at length halted!

Singular contrast! Our coachman had orders to conduct us to the palace of a Sicilian prince, whose gardens are a very wonder. Fresh shades, green velvet lawns, jets d'eau, cascades, Grecian temples, hermitages, Chinese bridges thrown over brooklets of crystal—a veritable Eden! And to think that the noble possessor of all these enchantments—the fine hale old man who squeezed our hand, and whose rare snowy locks the breeze tossed in sport—must descend ere long into the horrible catacombs of the Capuchins! F.

(Le Impartial.)

THE ELEMENTS OF CONVERSATION;
OR, TALKING MADE EASY.

[Under the above title, Theodore Hook, the humorist, has for some months given to the public a series of essays, half serious, half quizzical—a strange medley of anecdote, apothegm, and satire—through the New Monthly Magazine. We make the following extract from his closing paper in the No. for December.]

It would be quite impossible to produce upon paper any thing like a 'report' of the general conversation that takes place in a large mixed company: the nothingnesses, for instance, that are talked in any one evening at Devonshire House would fill twenty quires of foolscap. It is not because the nonsense of that well-lighted mansion is not just as good and just as great nonsense as the nonsense talked any where else, that I mention Devonshire House: but because, as his Grace is unlimitedly hospitable, his parties are innumerably extensive; I therefore refer to that emporium as affording a fine field for the diffusion of useless knowledge.

If only one fool at a time were allowed to speak in such places, reporters might afford as fair opportunities to the unitiated of judging of the intellectuality of these splendid *soirees*, as others of the tribe are able to furnish us with of the eloquence and wisdom of another assembly, in which the man on his legs has it all his own way as long as he can stand, and where the only man who does not speak is the Speaker—a circumstance which some people consider extremely favorable to the reputation of the Right Honorable Gentleman who just at present fills the chair.

Speaking of the Speaker, and of a most ridiculous joke which appeared in some ultra-Tory newspaper, in which he is most shamefully and irreverently said to look, when wigged for the chair, 'like an owl in an ivy bush,' I cannot help quoting from an author almost forgotten, but whose works I delight to see now sometimes noticed, and of which I remember the Quarterly Review some time since hinted that a new edition was likely to appear—I mean Foote, who, in his play of the 'Knights,' (a play which, although Foote, who acted the hero, had but one leg, ran many nights,) makes Harlop, as Sir Penurious Trifle, describe the dexterity of an innkeeper in the Puritan time of the Protector. It is worth your listening to because by those who are at all dramatically read, if you repeat it, you will be held in high estimation as a retriever; and if you should get amongst a party of listeners who never have happened to hear of the modern Aristophanes, and they should believe it to be an effusion of your own, you will be set down as a wit and a historian; and please to remember that in all my lectures I never professed to make you either. Nature alone can do the one—reading *may* do the other.

However, Sir Penurious goes on thus—with a little variation, merely to suit the delicacy of modern readers:

"Stout enough," says Sir Penurious, "hearty as an oak—hey, Dick, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a story of an oak; it will make you die with laughing. You have heard it often, hey—shall I tell it *you*—you, knight?—I was at the Bath last summer—a water people drink when they are ill, hey—you have heard of the Bath—eh Dick? There's a coffee-house there, hey—where the people take coffee and tea—hey, you—and read the *news*.—So, ecod—you, knight—I used to breakfast at this coffee-house every morning—cost me eightpence, hey—though I had a breakfast at home—no matter for *that*—hey, you—there I breakfasted—gad, you, Dick—at the same table with Lord Tom Truewit. You have heard of Truewit—hey, you—a droll dog! He told us the story, and made us die with laughing. Hey, you—you have heard of Charles the Second—you, knight? Gad, he was son of Charles the First—he, hey—was King in England, and beheaded by Oliver Cromwell. So what does Charles the Second do—you, knight, you—but he fights Noll at Worcester—a town you have heard of, hey—but it wouldn't do—Noll made him scamper, hey—take to his heels—you, knight. Truewit told us the story—it made us die with laughing. I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, hey—it cost me eightpence, though I had a breakfast at home. So what does Charles do, but hides himself in an oak—an oak-tree, you—in a wood called Boscobel, from the Italian words *Bosco Bello*—a fine wood, you—and off he marches; but Old Noll would not let him come home—'No,' says he, 'you don't come here.' Lord Tom told us the story—made us die of laughing—cost me eightpence, though I had a breakfast at home. So you, knight, when Noll died, Monk there—gad, you—afterwards Albemarle, in the North—brought him back. So, you—the Cavaliers—you have heard of them?—they were good friends to the Stuarts—what did they do? Gad, you, Dick, they put up Charles as a sign—the Royal Oak, eh—you have seen such signs at country alehouses? So, gad, you, what does a Puritan do?—the Puritans—hey, you, knight—were friends of Noll—but up he puts the sign of an owl in an ivy-bush, and underneath he writes, 'This is not the Royal Oak!'—hey, you have seen writings under signs—you, knight? Upon this, the Royalists say, 'Gad, this must not be.' So what did they do—hey, you—but persecute the poor Puritan, and make him change his sign; and—hey, you, Dick—how do you think he changed it? Gad, he puts up the Royal Oak, and writes underneath, 'This is not the owl in the ivy-bush.' It made us all die with laughing—Lord Tom told the story—I always breakfasted at the coffee-house—it cost me eightpence, although I had a breakfast at home—hey, you, knight—what, Dick, hey!"

This story of the 'owl in the ivy bush' is worth the reading; and no doubt at the time when it first appeared, (now nearly ninety years since,) aided by the abilities of the author and actor in giving a correct imitation of some long-forgotten worthy of the day, must have been exceedingly diverting.

A story like this, well told, and set off, if possible, with the mimicry of some cotemporary blockhead, would make the fortune of a 'dinner-out,' as the amateur Jack-puddings of the present day are called.

Now, there's a phrase—'dining out'—never lose sight of *that*. If vulgarity and bestiality can go lower than the expression, 'dining out,' then bestiality and vulgarity are enviable for their ingenuity.

"How do you do, Hopkins?" says one raff to another.

"I am not very well, thank you," says the other raff to Hopkins; "I have got a headache. However, I know what it is—I dined *out* yesterday."

Simpson says to Jackson, "You will kill yourself—you will kill yourself, my dear J. if you go on 'dining out' so much."

Tyro, look out for such monsters! If you ever encounter those who talk this sort of language—as if a man either ate or drank more when he 'dined out' than when he dines at home—write them down—what you may yourself determine.

I remember hearing a very clever, impudent, and certainly agreeable professional man, describing the particular splendor of a Cabinet dinner at a very important Cabinet Minister's table—not, of course, as having partaken of it, but as a proof of the extraordinary expense to which a man holding Cabinet office must necessarily be put by the costliness of such *symposia*; and while he expatiated upon this, he was perfectly in earnest; as if a dinner which the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Lansdowne, gave to his colleagues upon a Cabinet day, would be one bit better or one bit worse, because it happened to be restricted to a select thirteen, than any other dinner which he would give on any other day to any other thirteen less select personages who might chance to dine with him.

There is a story told of a gentleman officially connected with the Athenæum Club, which is somewhat apposite.—It was the custom with certain of the present Ministers, during their last reign, to have house-dinners at the Athenæum on the Wednesdays in each week. One Wednesday came, and the names of Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Spring Rice, and a few more were down on the house-dinner card, although they had ceased to be ministers. The house-steward, as usual, directed the butler to inquire of the proper authority as to the arrangement of the dinner.—The proper authority gave the proper directions.

"They have always *had* a Cabinet pudding," said Mr. Watson, unconscious of the effect of the observation; "is *that* to be the same, sir?"

"Oh, to be sure," said the competent authority.

Whereupon the gentleman officially connected with the Club added, "*But without the plums*, I presume."

And I may mention that *this*, good as it is, is by no means the best thing that the said gentleman officially connected with the Athenæum Club has said or written.

The art of telling a story is one which very few people possess. In order to do it effectually, the narrator should appear perfectly unconscious of the point of his narrative, and let it burst upon his hearers without any preparatory elevation of his own. Mimicry is admitted to be about the lowest absurdity in the whole art of buffoonery, if simply exhibited and received as what is called a 'take-off;' but in telling a story of which persons actually living or dead are in truth (as Sandy says) the *dram. pers.* it is a most extraordinary help to the story-tellers to let them talk in their own proper manner and dialect. It was by adopting this system that one of the best (and probably the greatest) imitators that ever lived gave a zest and spirit to his anecdotal conversation very rarely to be met in society.

Swift says, "Story-telling is not an art, but what we call a knack; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humor; and I will add that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets off some stories to advantage when the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule, for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical gesticulations. I will go yet farther, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body and the formation of the features of him who relates it."

Sir Richard Steele advises all the professors of the art of story-telling never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome, but may be aptly hinted at and mentioned by way of allusion. Those which are altogether new never should be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and private accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Steele certainly valued the tart of story-telling very highly, for he says, 'I have often thought a story-teller is born, as well as a poet.'

It may be difficult to give you any set form for telling a story well; but if, upon the Spartan principle, the pupil may be taught the art by the exhibition of the mode in which people tell stories ill, the following may perhaps be of use.

The narrator may be supposed to be a man of some five-and-forty, with a low forehead, a turned-up nose, fishy-grey eyes, and a drawling voice; who, having obtained possession of the party by whom he is surrounded, proceeds something after this fashion:

"Why—now—let me see. It's about four years ago—no—not four—no, it can't be four, because I recollect Hobbs, who married Miss—what was her name?—Mary, dear, don't you recollect?—that tall girl that used to live with those people in——psha!—what street is that which turns out of Oxford-street, just by the place where Lord——pooh! Lord ——who was Secretary of State once—lived. Miss—well, I shall think of her name presently, I dare say; but I know it can't be quite four years ago; I was going along Kew Lane—but I ought to have told you before that we had taken a house at Twickenham that year—if you know Twickenham, you know that as you go along by the river, there are three or four very good houses—it was at one of those—but just before you come to the church, you turn down opposite the green-grocer's—the second turning past the Crown—well, it was one of those—I think we gave—what was it, Mary, dear?—seventy pounds a year—seventy or seventy-five, I won't be certain which, for I'm not a very good hand at remembering. However, in Kew Lane at that time, I met Dr. Coggin—Coggin I think the name was—a very respectable clergyman, who had the living of——dear me! what was the name of that place where the steeple of the church was struck by lightning!—that was in the year that poor Billy had the measles—*that* I recollect—and so—Dr. Coggin—but I ought to have told you before that Dr. Coggin's father formerly kept a school at Hammersmith—and I think at one time he had ninety boys. He was a tall, powerful man of his age, and his wife—Mary, dear, don't you recollect her coming to see us when we were first married?—I do, just as well as if it was but yesterday—and so——let me see—where was I?—Oh!—I remember—in Kew Lane, a place I shall never forget, on account of those ships which were chalked upon the wall—I am sorry to say they are now nearly all washed out—the poor fellow who did them is dead—and as I was saying only the day before yesterday to Mary, How soon people are forgotten! So—as I was telling you—Dr. Coggin was in his little carriage—it wasn't a phaeton—but I recollect it was made of cane—that is, the body of it was—and he was driving a pair of dunny-roan horses—so—I said to the Doctor——I should perhaps have told you he was always a wag in his way—always joking as much as he thought consistent with his profession———and so, I said, 'What a fine pair of horses you have got there!'—knowing that he was always rather particular about his cattle. 'Yes,' says he—I wish you could have seen his countenance—he was a remarkably well-looking man—I should say he stood full five feet eleven without his shoes, and a very good countenance he had. 'Why,' he says, 'they say, Mr. Simpkin, good horses can't be of a bad color, but I differ; if I could change the color of these, I don't care to what other, I would not take a hundred guineas apiece for them.' 'So, upon that I says to him, 'I tell you what, Doctor—when you get over Kew Bridge, turn to the right, and drive them a mile, or so.'

'What then?' says the Doctor. 'Why,' says I, 'that's the way to Turn'em Green.'—I thought Coggin would have split his sides—I never saw a man laugh so much in my life—and away he drove."

"Well!" said somebody.

"Well!" said somebody else—both these somebodies having, unfortunately for the story-teller, read all the jest-books which have been published during the last fifty years.

"Well," says Simpkin, "that's all." * * * * *

Upon this sort of affair, much has been written by the authorities I have already quoted; and, strange to say, a vast deal more has been written upon this apparently trivial subject than many readers may suppose; and Steele imagines a case extremely like that of poor Mr. Simpkin. "It is a miserable thing," says he, "after one hath raised the expectation of the company, to pursue the matter too far—there is no retreating! and how poor it is for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'That's all!'"

DR. GRAHAM.—"The most eminent quack of the last generation was a Doctor Graham, who tampered with electricity in a manner too infamous to be reported; and for which he ought to have received the most exemplary public punishment. This man was half mad; and his madness at last, contrary to the usual process, got the better of his knavery. His latest method of practice was something violent; it was to bury his patients up to the chin in fresh mould. J—— saw half a score of them exhibited in this manner for a shilling: a part of the exhibition was to see them perform afterward upon shoulders of mutton, to prove that when they rose from the grave they were as devouring as the grave itself. The operation lasted four hours; they suffered, as might be seen in their countenances, intensely from cold for the first two, during the third they grew warmer, and in the last perspired profusely, so that when they were taken out the mould reeked like a new dunghill. Sailors are said to have practised this mode of cure successfully for the scurvy. The doctor used sometimes to be buried himself for the sake of keeping his patients company; one day when he was in this condition, a farmer emptied a watering-pot upon his head to make him grow. When J—— saw him, he was sitting up to his neck in a bath of warm mud, with his hair powdered and in full dress. As he was haranguing upon the excellent state of health which he enjoyed from the practice of earth-bathing as he called it, J—— asked him, Why then, if there was nothing the matter with him, he sat in the mud? The question puzzled him. Why, he said,—why—it was—it was to show people that it did no harm,—that it was quite innocent—that it was very agreeable; and then brightening his countenance with a smile at the happiness of the thought, he added, 'It gives me, sir, a skin as soft as as the feathers of Venus's dove.' This man lived upon vegetables, and delighted in declaiming against the sin of being carnivorous, and the dreadful effects of making the stomach a grave and charnel-house for slaughtered bodies. Latterly he became wholly an enthusiast, would madden himself with ether, run out into the streets, to strip himself to clothe the first beggar whom he met." Espriella's Letters.

IRISH TITLES.—There are at present, three titles known in Ireland, that have been transmitted from time immemorial, and whose origin is lost in the lapse of ages—they are known as the Knight of Kerry, the Knight of Glynn, and the White Knight, which last is centred in the Earl of Kingston, which claims the priority in point of antiquity; the other two are in the family of the Fitzgeralds, and differ little from that of the Duke of Leinster, which, in the old Milesian phrase, is "Cool-a-boo;" and the others differ in this little particular. The translation given to the Duke's is "I burn;" and is accounted for in a curious manner:—It is said, that one of the early progenitors of his family kept in his house, at Carton, in Kildare, a monkey of extraordinary docility; and the house, one day catching fire, the monkey is said to have rescued the child in its arms, from the impending danger, and carried it to a place of safety; the motto of "Croom-a-boo," was afterwards adopted, and continues, with monkeys, as supporters to the armorial bearings, up to the present day.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE I.—Sir Charles Kemeys, Bart. knight of the shire for Monmouth in the last parliament of Queen Anne, (great grand uncle of the present Colonel Kemeys Tynte, M. P. for Bridgewater,) was shown great attention, while on his travels, by George I. of Hanover, and frequently joined the private circle of the Elector.—His Majesty, subsequently ascending the British throne, was pleased to inquire why his old acquaintance Sir Charles Kemeys had not paid his respects at court, and commanding him to repair to St. James's, sent him a message, the substance of which was, that the King of England hoped that Sir Charles recollected the number of pipes he had smoked with the Elector of Hanover, in Germany. Sir Charles, who had retired from Parliament, and was a staunch jacobite, replied that he should be proud to pay his duty at St. James's to the Elector of Hanover, but that he never had the honor of smoking a pipe with the King of England.

From the American Monthly for February.

THE LOVER TO THE STAR LYRA.

"We agreed at our parting, that wherever we might be, every night, at a certain hour, our eyes should be fixed on a particular star, (the first in the constellation Lyra;) and thus we might be sure that the thoughts of each were dwelling on the other."

—— *Diary of an Enthusiast.*

Bright star! whose soft and pencilled ray
Falls trembling over earth and sea,—
Far dearer than the flash of day
Is thy pale beam to be;
For more than lettered sage can tell,
May in that quivering glimmer dwell.

Perchance upon this lovely eve,
Another's glance is on thee bent,
And tracks thy beams until they leave
Her own fair firmament;
Then turning sadly from the view,
She whispers—"Is *he* g-zing too?"

"He promised (when he left me weeping,
To count the weary, widowed days,)
Still, when the earth in dew is sleeping,
On that pale star to gaze,—
And that its changeless gleam should be
A type of his true constancy.

"But Time has withered leaf and blossom
That wreathed his youthful heart with mine,
And now upon another's bosom
His hope and breast recline;
And I, perchance, am left to moan,
And watch the weary night alone."

And deem'st thou, dearest, that this heart
To thee can ever faithless prove?
That Time can rust the chain apart
Whose links are thoughts of love?
Ah! what avails the offered key,
To set the wilting captive free?

Like that soft ray, my love lives on,
Though rolling earth may intervene;
And if, before the regal sun,
It glimmers all unseen,
Yet still the grateful shades of night
Restore it to the longing sight.

And so, bright star, thine orb I greet
With more of joy than words can tell;
For there I know my glance will meet
With her's I love so well:
The frailest thread by Fancy spun,
May bind two yearning hearts in one. H. H.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE PAINTER'S TALE.

"THE picture!—it is a strange picture," said the painter, smiling, "of which you asked me so many questions some nights since,—is a portrait, and a striking portrait, though you see nothing but the eyes; the cloak covers everything else. It is as I saw it; and I was told I was fortunate in catching so much. You perceive I have not been dealing with my own fantasies; before I have done, you will feel I knew the man."

Have any of my fair readers been at San Marino? Probably none. It is not a place for Italians, who must have their opera and Corso; and Englishmen, as of old, in despite of the rebuke of Casti, travel 'like their trunks.'—Yet San Marino is a place to spend a week, nay weeks, at. It is a republic, and republics are now antiquities; to artists, it is a new mine—no small inducement to me.—We want something of the kind; Rome and Romans having been long since painted out. In fine, it is a *terra incognita*—a place for all classes of the curious to explore. With some such object, I rambled there, coming up from Rieti and Terni, some four or five years ago. I had no intention of staying longer than a day, but no better motive for quitting it; so, whether it was my indolence or my destiny, (one usually stands for the other,) I passed there, I do not well know how or wherefore, an entire month.—The patricians were coming in from Rimini for the summer, and very pressing and hospitable; the burghers were like the patricians; so that, between both, I ran great risk of being naturalized, and becoming a citizen myself.

The place is really a curious sort of extravaganza in our modern times. Imagine an almost perpendicular rock, crowned with a church, a town at its feet, and a territory of about five miles round, and you have 'the state.' The nobles keep the rock, and the burghers enjoy the plain; so that society is divided by the very ground, and each stands as pum tiliously to his topography as to his *ecto*.—I was a sort of public guest, honored with all the honorable things of the place. Placed on the red serge seats of the Grihmo at church; at the Arengo, beside the capitani themselves; admitted without question into the *Café de Nobili* in the rock above, and into the cool cavern wine-cellars of the burghers below—I drew up laws, or painted portraits of their great men in the morning, and with their bailiffs walked the circuit of the republic in the evening. The church was my usual haunt: it seemed hewn by some Cyclop out of the rock itself. I liked the cool stone bed of San Marino, and still more this inscription—'To the Author of our Liberties—S. Marino, Auctori Libertatis;' rather an odd juxtaposition, and which in our days would have stamped him a carbonaro.

The view from this place is delicious. Far off beyond Rimini, to the east, the long, blue, level line of the Adriatic is seen, with white specks, or dashes of towns, villas and villages, dappling the luxuriant green; then, to the left, nestling in the foldings of the Umbrian mountains, clusters of little hamlets, scarcely detected by their smoke; before you the rich plain, with its heavy harvest, and vineyards purpling and mellowing them, and its twisted streams and red old towers now in ruins—another age still lingering with ours. But all are not so. There is one far off; I could point it out to you, yonder, to the left, as if I were now sitting under the church citadel—of some fame in the old Morea wars, and still retaining part of its former renown. It is now used by the Pope as a sort of country St. Angelo—a prison confined to state offences. The San Marino people, who, I believe, have nothing of the kind, go there occasionally on a sort of antiquarian excursion. A patrician friend of mine, who had come up with the others from the Marina, to spend his six months, according to law, in his two-storied palace on the rock, talked of it as one of the 'magnificences' of the neighborhood so incessantly, that, to see, or avoid hearing of it, I determined on riding over there the first morning the heats would allow me. At San Marino you have, in the full perfection of their freshness, all the breezes of the Adriatic on one side, and the Umbrian forests on the other, can send you. No inducement, then, to venture into the plain, especially after a sixth or seventh fever from your Roman malaria.

The heats abated, and we set out. To San Leo is but a short journey, though to an artist a most agreeable one. At that time of the year, too, there are so many things, and so much in all things, to see. The castle itself, interior, and exterior, a very much like other castles—gloomy, clumsy, vast, solitary; sounding corridors—impregnable walls—doors knotted and guarded with iron—windows letting in the light merely to show the darkness and the misery—a vast array of strength against a few weak men. Now and then prisoners have been sent here from Bologna; but, to give the San Padre and his Morea subjects their due, it is generally empty enough. There was one prisoner, however, who had been for many years at San Leo, and is there still, buried in the adjoining chapel. He drew away the attention from all the other prisoners; I only saw him twice; but it was enough, I believe, for us both. Of him is my present history.

The governor had shown us all the cells (we had a "permesso" from the delegate) with the exception of one, which he had forgotten or concealed, when on turning up the chief staircase, in our way to upper day, I heard, or thought I heard, in strong but shattered voice to my left, the chaunt of a "De Profundis." "Whom are they burying," I exclaimed, "at this hour of the day? You do not wait in the fortress, I perceive, for night. No wonder."

"Pardon, Signor," returned my guide; "we are somewhat more courteous, both to the dead and the living. You hear one of the prisoners."

"Celebrating his obsequies, like Charles the Fifth, beforehand. Is he afraid that you will defraud him? I admire his foresight. Have we yet seen him?"

"No, Signor."

"And why not? He appears a cavalier of a most especial taste, and quite deserving of a visit."

"It is not possible."

"The 'permesso.'"

"Doubtless, Signor, the 'permesso' will carry you any where; but he neither likes to see strangers, nor strangers to see him. The man is old now, and the more rest he has for body and soul the better, I take it, and am some judge in these matters, for both. He has been dying all this winter, and cannot live through the next. A heavy account like his is not easily settled. We had better go on."

The "De Profundis" was now resumed, with some harsh touches in it which searched my very soul. It came up from the very cell over which we were walking, and as we advanced, was more and more thickened and stifled by the increasing solidity of the arch.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" said my guide.

"Amen!" I replied mechanically, and fell some minutes into silence

"But if you *will* see him," continued he, interpreting my abstraction, "I think it may be done. You are a friend of the Signor Delegato, and I am here 'per compiacergli.'"

With that we turned through an iron grating, and descended some twenty or thirty winding steps, by frequent usage worn into one, and stood before the dungeon from which the voice had come.

"Have you the courage to enter, Signor?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Unlock the door."

"But it is not at all times he bears to be troubled. Let us first listen."

"Is he not your prisoner," I continued, "and you his keeper?"

"Why, certainly."

"But the mind perhaps, is gone. Is it so?"

"Not exactly that; but guilt, Signor, is a heavy load, even after twenty years of suffering and penitence. Stay near this *pilone*: I will enter first."

I followed the direction, and remained near the *pilone*,

watching the movements of my guide. He turned the lock of the cell, and let down quietly the heavy oaken bolts, not wishing too suddenly to break upon its inmate. It was now half open. I beheld a miserable sight: there was little light: the only window, high up, was small and heavily grated, and looked out upon the dry moat, and was nearly choked with briars and brambles, and tall, sweeping hemlocks; but by the green glaring sort of twilight it threw upon the door of the dungeon, I soon saw enough. For a short time all was silent: I doubted whether there was a prisoner. Something now began to move along the stone pavement, in the far-off end of the cell—not a man, surely, for it crawled on all fours; and yet nothing but man could find entrance here.

"Who vexes, at this hour, the dead and the buried, and the judged, and the condemned!—who hath a right but God, and God's own angels?" exclaimed a hollow human voice, as if it came out of the earth. "Is it not written—'I have given his angels charge over thee?'—Shall the worm man presume to dispute vengeance with God and God's angels!" A pause ensued: it was brief. "Have I not striven for thee? Ten, ay twenty have been said to night. Art thou never to have rest?—The chains drop, like flax in fire, from thousands of other souls; and thou art there—for ever there: Is it never, never to have an end? Oh, God! thou art a jealous God!—in all thy ways strong and fearful!"

In the speaking, he suddenly raised himself up. I saw a human head: the light from the window came directly upon it. The whole figure was for an instant visible; it was soon covered up again, such as you see in the portrait. I cannot describe it. The face was that of a man past seventy—age and utter misery had done their worst upon it; the scars of a long internal combat were every where trenched and rugged. A white beard went in still flakes down to his middle—the head was naked—totally bald. Yet the eye, in the midst of all these wrecks, was strong with life and soul; it had an untamed bird-of-prey kind of fire within, which years and suffering had not been in the least able to put down. When he looked up, it was to threaten or command: but all this was soon over, and he sank down again, and went moping away in penance and despair. "Leave me! leave the outcast, the accursed—thou art not needed; the worm stings which will never die, and the vulture feeds and is always hungry—and the heart grows and shall grow, for ever and ever, for their food. I have wrestled to extort a blessing; Israel struggled with the angel of God and prevailed—I wrestle still." With these words he clasped a brazen crucifix, which I could now discover had been planted for him in the extremity of the dungeon, and lay at length upon the floor; groaning out horrid prayers, and with his hands clenched firmly round the cross, as if devils were dragging him from it. "Has the sentence been quite read," he exclaimed, "quite, quite written, and pronounced, and published, through hell? Have Michael and the other chastisers heard it? Has Christ sworn it? Is there no repeal—no respite—no reprieve?—The bad thief sits with him in Paradise, but where is Iscariot? there is no mercy for Iscariot.—The blood falls thick from his wounds, but not on my head; Oh God! on all heads but on his and mine!" And then began again the same dreadful chaunt of the 'De Profundis,' mixed with moans, and imprecations, and prayers, and blasphemies so harrowing and appalling, that I supplicated the guide with my hands on my ears in haste to retire.

I could not for some time speak: the guide charitably left me to myself, till we came into the open air.

"Ah, Signor! there is much to pardon, but God is good. There is hope for all but the sinner against the Holy Ghost!"

"Deeply hath he repented," said I, "sore and sharply been scourged,—no matter what hath been his crime. Is it always so?"

"Even so," continued my informant. "I was standing at this very gate that evening—the last day of the octave of Corpus Christi, about fifteen years ago—a fair and quiet evening like this—when he arrived, at the hour of Ave Maria, at our hold. I never saw a finer form of man, though no longer young, nor a firmer tread, nor, ghastly pale as he was, a prouder look, than when he came down amongst us, between the two Pope's guards, double manacled, without a word. They left him at the door of that prison; he bowed, and entered, and never quitted it more! He never complains; he eats, drinks and sleeps as if some other being did it for him, with whom his mind has no sort of communion.—It is all with himself, that he is at war—with voices in his own heart that he talks—with beings seen only by the bad that he strives. The crucifix you saw is his stay. He clings to it sometimes like a drowning man, and laughs when he has got hold of it, and turns back scoffing at the fiends whom he has foiled. But this is over in an instant, and then he falls away grovelling and groping through the darkness as before. Neither beard, hair, nor nails, has he ever cut; nor will he stand up erect, or walk like other men. 'No, no,' said he, when I importuned him, 'I have lost all that—I am no longer that—I am a man-beast—a wild beast—a beast of the forest and the den—I must not be proud.' And with that he falls flat, and seems as he would enter and hide him in the very earth. The voice, too, when he first appeared in the fortress, was clear; damps and misery have made it what it is. Ah, Signor! it is a dismal thing to hear it half cry, half moan, on the winter's nights, when I am often the only walker in these galleries, and can scarcely distinguish between it and the swinging and whistling of the dreary pines overhead. The agonies of those nights are not for human ears. Good God! have mercy on his soul!"

"This fortress," said I, "is a prison for political offences only. What political crime can that be which thus whips his conscience so unremittingly! There are prisoners at San Angelo, at Amona, many more in Dalmatia, in the Austrian and Hungarian fortresses; yet we have never heard of any thing like this. Has he stabbed his commanding officer? given up his trust in treason?"

"Worse!"

"What worse can there be!"

"Zaconi is a priest."

"What then!"

"It was that which brought him to San Leo—which makes this dungeon, and could make a palace, a hell."

"He has then married, broken his vows, or written a book!"

"No, Signor—his vows are inviolate, and he has never offended against faith. He is orthodox—he has nothing to recant. He is here, by letters from the Secretary of State; he is here for crime."

"Great?"

"Heinous! but he has done penance for fourteen years. Who of us can say as much!"

"True: is it known!"

"No Signor: the crime was secret—the punishment is secret. It is right the Santo Padre should guard his flock from all scandal. Zaconi is a priest. To you, however, such things are without danger. You have also a *permesso*. Let us remove to the seat yonder, where we shall be out of the sun, and secure from interruption, and you shall hear a miserable story."

We changed our seat, and in a few moments he began:

"One evening in November, after chapel was over, a stranger in the dress of an officer, but wrapped in his Roman tabarro, appeared at the portone of the Convent of San Francesco, and demanded to speak with the Padre Guardiano.—He was of a tall, soldierly appearance, bold and somewhat overbearing in his tone, contracted naturally enough in a camp, but of a dignified bearing; and, as any one who looked on his broad forehead and clear eye would know, of right noble blood. In a few moments the Guardiano saw him, and the next morning the Signor Cavalier was seen kneeling a novice, with the other novices in the choir.

"These changes are common in our convents, and but little noticed. God works many a miracle of which we take no count. Even in those evil days, he is not forgetful of his church. No questions were asked of the motives of this new conversion—nor, had they been, would an answer have been vouchsafed. It was only known that Don Antonio had been distinguished by an unfortunate duel arising out of an affair, some said of gallantry—others, of national punctilio; that in the wars against the French, he had been foremost amongst the guerillas of the Monte Cammo, and had now appeared in the convent either to reform his life, and to atone for worldly vanities and transgressions, or, as others contended, to continue them, and to make Ara Cœli a ladder to some of the rich suburban bishoprics, if not to the cardinal-vicariate, or secretaryship of state itself.

"These surmises, however, soon died. As a novice, little was known of him. You, Signor, know well what the Ara Cœli is: it is a world! The novice in a few years passed his probation, and became the Padre Zaconi. The Padre Zaconi was known in Rome as a sharp theologian, and as keen at his syllogism as he once was at his sword; but he hardly left the convent, and shunned even its theses-days, when all Rome was there, and the Pope himself condescended to honor them with his presence. He soon became master of the novices, and a strict master he was. He was a true reformer, and, had he lived in more fervent times, would have founded an order himself. Many is the saint now who would have died a sinner but for the Padre Zaconi. The noviciate had been greatly relaxed under the preceding padre maestro, who was an old man, and too contemplative for such active duty. The Padre Zaconi had not been in office three months, when there was an entire change. The novices of Ara Cœli were cited as examples in every other convent in Rome. The santo padre heard of it with delight, and often came to visit them, and to speak on his methods with the Padre Zaconi. Nor was the Padre a preacher of doctrines he did not practice. He was a canonized saint—The hard duties of the Ara Cœli were not enough for him; he talked of leaving it for a stricter observance. He spent great part of the night in his cell in prayer; those who slept near heard the discipline; the fasts of others were feasts to him. He ate meat but once a week, and on festivals, and then by strict order from his superior—'*sub vinculo obedientiæ*.' Yet was he not morose nor harsh; he spoke seldom, it is true, and briefly, but never austerely. If he commanded, he gave the example too. No one could plead excuse when he saw the master on the road before him. He was humble, too, or seemed so—never refused an act of self denial—was kind, especially to the lay brothers—and, if he had friends, they were of the lowest rank in the convent. Honors he held cheap. The second year of his theology, he came from the disputations with such applause that His Holiness sent to the Padre Guardiano to testify his satisfaction, and to express the hope that ere long he should see him as the Padre Professore. A vacancy occurred not long after, by the promotion of the then professor to the bishopric of Forli, but the maestro refused it. So it was with every other offer. 'He had found,' he said, 'with some difficulty, his way into port, and it would be sad indeed if he should now be wrecked in smooth water.'

"Yet somehow or other he was not liked. With all his strictness, it is true, the novices were fond of him; but the fathers, though they all praised him, did no more. It is certain he stood aloof from them also; but many said it was because he knew them well. It is not for us, Signor, to judge, but San Francesco himself had often to deal with men who were not of his spirit. The Seraphical Order has had, I think, three reformers, and, if report says true, though Heaven forfend I should believe aught to the disparagement of God's holy servants, at that time Ara Cœli stood in much need of a fourth. Perhaps they felt it, and saw in the Padre Zaconi one who, if he set about it, would cut and carve reckiessly. They may have dreaded or envied him; but, as I said, all praised him, but no more.

"So the years passed, every year adding to his reputation, when it fell out that the general of the order, who had first returned from his visitation,—whether with the heat, or the fatigue, or displeasure, at the state of some of the convents,—took to his bed the morning after his arrival, and never left it more. During his illness the zeal of the Padre Zaconi knew no bounds. Nothing could remove him from his bedside. In truth, there was not a better comforter in any confraternity at Rome than the padre maestro. He was always sure to be the first sent for, and the first also to go in every epidemic, and to the poor, in preference to the rich. The reverend Generale died after a few days' illness. It was he and the padre guardiano who closed his eyes.

"The obsequies were celebrated with due pomp in Ara Cœli, and many of the older of the community wept over his grave. The Padre Zaconi showed no feeling one way or the other; but during the time that the body was exposed near the high altar, he watched constantly and silently by its side.

"The funeral was now over, the question was, who should replace the deceased. You know, Signor, that the blessed army of San Francesco extends over the whole earth; It must be no ordinary hand or head which can rule so many, and rule all well. All Rome was on tiptoe. The other orders shared the ferment of the convent; day and night new arrivals from the provinces, messages to the gate, surmises, conjectures, reports; in fact, had the conclave itself been assembled, there could not have been more excitement. The merits of the prominent men were daily discussed. Some looked to Naples, others to to Spain; the majority wished to confine it to the walls. The public favour after a time seemed to settle on three or four. Fra Agostino, Fra Antonio, and, above all, the venerable Padre Bernardo, divided the suffrages. The Padre Zaconi was of course mentioned; but some doubted his age, others the good will of his brethren. The Fra Agostino had been a wealthy proprietor in the Patrimonio, and given no small assistance in founding the new convent of Santa Chiara, at Orocoli: he was however but a poor theologian, having begun somewhat late; he held the situation, too, of procurator at the time, but would not have answered for any thing higher: it was well known his Holiness would not have approved of him. Fra Antonio failed in the other extreme; he knew nothing out of his classroom. Four or five folios, over which the students used to sleep, were the monuments of his fame: out of Ara Cœli he was still more considered; he was a light of the order. The Padre Bernardo was of a high family, had early taken the habit, passed through most of the offices, and for sanctity of life was superior even to Zaconi. I wish you could have seen his mass on the winter mornings; it was crowded. He was at this time about seventy, but still no novice was more fervent. His sermons converted thousands, yet he was no preacher. Multitudes watched him on leaving the pulpit to touch the hem of his garment, or catch a blessing from his eye. In truth, it was hard to look on his gray hairs and calm countenance without desiring and resolving to do better. It was his look and life which did the wonder.

"It was now the end of December, and it was fixed that the election should take place in time to be announced to his Holiness the first day of the ensuing year. The 'Te Deum' had been sung in Ara Cœli, as in the other churches of the city, in thanksgiving for the blessings of the past year, and, after matins, the chapter for the election was declared duly opened. Several of the candidates had retired. Fra Antonio, at refectory, the night before, had entreated the community not to think of him, but to leave him to his beloved theology. Fra Agostino was as little disposed to quit his office of Procurator, of which he knew something, and little of anything else. The contest thus lay between Bernardo and Zaconi, but there seemed to be little doubt in whose favour it would terminate.

The matins had been sung in Ara Cœli, followed by the

'Veni Creator,' and the prostration and mental prayers, when the balloting began. There was no absolute choice, the first round; to the astonishment of many, the Padre Bernardo, however, took precedence. On looking round for the two candidates, it was for the first time perceived that the Padre Bernardo was absent. In the gloomy choir of Ara Cœli on a December's morning, is it not very easy to perceive who are, and who are not there. It excited no surprise. The Padre Bernardo had more than once said, in the preceding week, that he, night and day, implored Heaven that the chalice of this trial should pass away: it was only a new proof of his humility. The Padre Guardiano, apprehending however some difficulties, thought it right that he should be present, and sent for him. The balloting went on; in the next round the Padre Zaconi had an absolute majority. The instant it was announced —before another word could be added, as if by apoplexy or by lightning—the Padre Zaconi covering his face with both his hands, fell prostrate on the floor. In falling, they heard him exclaim, 'God! I am unworthy!' to which the choir, struck by his humility, answered, 'Thou art our choice!'

"In that very moment, whilst all was in confusion—breathless with haste, pale as the marble statues around—the lay-brother entered, and whispered to the Padre Guardiano that he had found the unfortunate old man dead, and icy cold in his bed. His prayer had been heard, the chalice had passed away from him: after his long service of seventy years, he had entered into the joy of his Lord.

"The Padre Guardiano, in announcing it, said this and more with tears in his eyes; The community fell on their knees, and the 'De Profundis' was said. During all this time the Padre Zaconi continued bowing to the earth I know not whether he joined in the prayer, but, from that day to this, it has never left his brain.

"The Padre Bernardo was quickly buried, but with all solemnity, and an act in presence of his uncle, the Duca di S——, taken of his death, and several of the principal deeds of his life, his virtues, &c. with the view, as some said, of promoting a cause for his beatification at some future day. The Padre Zaconi was ill, and obliged to confine himself to his bed; he could not leave it for some weeks, but he had not yet been there one, when the Padre Guardiano, who was acting as his *locum tenens*, gave strict injunctions that none should enter the patient's chamber without his permission. The Padre Zaconi had been in a violent delirium the first night: it was fortunate that none were present but the Padre Guardiano.

"I know not what passed in that illness, but the Padre Zaconi rose from it an altered man. Many thought it was the mere effect of the malady, but his eye showed that there was a change within beyond the reach of health or illness. It was fixed, but not calm; fixed while others were not looking, wandering and uneasy when they were. He had been zealous, he grew harsh and precise—he now became irritable. There was a familiarity, but an awe, and something worse, in the approach of the Padre Guardiano: he was a weak but kind man, and, no doubt, acted for the good of all. Pain, deep and constant, was seen in the rigid lines of his countenance; no smile ever came there more. The unfortunate man prayed and prayed, and the discipline was now tinged with blood. Night after night has he laid on the cold marbles of Ara Cœli, and the 'De Profundis'—but not as you heard it—broke from him then; but it would not do; Yet his bodily health continued good—his tread firm—his voice strong—God strengthened it that the mind might have its food: for it was the mind, Signor—the mind which, like a fire of hell, burned him up within. But this could not endure for ever—God has his appointed seasons, and uses men for their own accusers when the time is come, compelling them to play the part of the evil angel, who shall stand between them and salvation in the latter day; so was it with Zaconi. Whilst Rome was still loud in his praises, and congratulations poured in from the provinces, an event was about to take place which for ever changed all that. Oh! who amongst us can fathom the abyss of the wisdom of God!

"A year had passed: and it was the anniversary of the Padre Bernardo's death. Solemn high mass and office were, as usual, to be said. It was also customary that the highest functionary present of the order should pronounce the funeral oration; itself, of course, upon the Padre Zaconi. The mass passed, and the office too, without anything very remarkable. The Padre Zaconi answered with steadiness, though somewhat too firm—too resolved—now and then too (it was afterwards observed,) he omitted some passages and passed at others; and at one, 'Let my end be like unto theirs,' shuddered and stopped short altogether; this, however, made no impression at the time. It was now time to ascend the pulpit: his step faltered visibly on the stairs, and it was some minutes before he could find his way. Always pale, his countenance was at this moment corpse-like—an ominous stillness brooded on everything around—every eye was fastened on the pulpit—his lips quivered—he twice rose and twice sat down—conscience was in her last struggle—in a few moments more it was all over for ever.

On that very morning—almost at that very hour—a year ago, the Padre Zaconi had accomplished the deed! Yes, Signor!—he it was—he was the murderer. The Padre Bernardo slept no natural sleep, though seventy years old—he was forcibly and traitorously murdered. It is no use now going into that terrible confession; never, I am told, within those walls was such a confession, publicly or privately, heard before. He praised the dead with burning tears—he entreated for him mercy! mercy! with burning supplications—for himself, whips, scorns, dungeons, fire—with an agony which made young and old tremble, or shrink one after the other away. The beginning of his speech was calm—even resolute; but when he came to the hour, and to the mode, and to the consequences of his death, then it was that the sight of that man was truly awful. No torture, cord or rack, ever wrung such terms from human lip, as I have heard he used. He had that morning, a few hours before matins, whilst the convent was in its soundest sleep, left his cell; his step was heard, but it was remembered he had been accustomed, at early hours, to visit the church from the first day he found the old man, as was his wont, laid on his hard plank, without a bed, sleeping peaceably—soundly. He bolted the door—set down his lamp near the crucifix and skull by his bedside, and sate for some moments in silence near it—for even still he hesitated. The lamp threw its light full upon the quiet brow and reverend beard of his victim, and for an instant—one little instant—his guardian angel prevailed him back—stirrings of mercy were felt within him. 'I must not send him thus,' said he, 'from sleep to death—I have nothing to say to his soul. It is right he should make peace with the other world before he leaves this.' He awoke him gently, and the poor old man rose up suddenly in astonishment from his hard board, imagining he had overslept his hour, and for the first time for many years had missed God's holy service. 'No,' said Zaconi sadly, 'that for thee is now all over. Look! thy sand-glass is run out—thy day of labor done—thy wages ready. I am not, however, a rude summoner—I will not call thee till thou art ready for the journey. But go thou must—death is certain—is nigh—is within this chamber whilst I speak!'—'Oh God! and must I go without confession, without Christian rites, without a single prayer for my sinful soul; this, indeed, is a dreadful parting.' 'Not so!' replied Zaconi. "Kneel down here—I can wait for thee; but it must be done soon.' He knelt—he prayed—was heard—and before day-light broke, was a stiff corpse. It required little to strangle an old man nearly eighty; the steps of men passing the door, and lights and voices, hurried it. When the matin-bell tolled, Zaconi was in his cell.

"The avowal was soon over. On leaving the pulpit Zaconi took off, one after another, all the distinctions of his office, and then his habit, and then clothed himself in sackcloth and the dress of a lay brother, solemnly renouncing all, and asking for no pity, nor even for a prayer from the community as he passed away, and shut himself up in his cell. There he called for the Padre Guardiano, and desired not an hour should be lost in informing the Cardinal Vicar, so that the curse might be removed from amongst them, and the crime punished without delay. For punishment he called incessantly; it was the only consolation he could endure. At midnight a carriage, with four guards, waited at the granite lion, at the foot of the great marble steps of Ara Cœli. He left the convent barefooted, and, preceded by a single torch, walked down without an attendant to the coach. He was placed between two sbirri, the other two opposite, and hurried off. His cell, and that of the Padre Bernardo, were closed, and strict silence enjoined. The next morning it was murmured that the Padre Generale had relapsed; daily notices of his health were published, and before a week expired, that of his death. The funeral took place in the usual manner, and a successor was soon appointed. In the mean time the criminal arrived, as you have already heard, within these walls.

"It is now upwards of fifteen years, and I have seen no change—no peace. What, or who was the tempter to the terrible deed, I dare not say; but we all of us have some particular devil in our souls, who is the strongest when we think him most weak. He had no hatred to the Padre Bernardo—his devil was pride and ambition. All others he had driven out: that devil whose name is legion, kept its place."

"*Requiescat in pace!*" I exclaimed, answering, I believe, to my own thoughts, for we had both been for some instants silent.

"Amen, amen!" replied my guide; though it is not in this world he can hope for it. "God grant," he added with a sigh, "it may be in the next!"

* * * * * * *

Two months after, I heard from my San Marino friend, whom I met at Rome, of his death; it was long and painful. He expired chanting the "De Profundis."

A Lucid Definition.—"A case of monomania," said Mike, reading aloud—"what the d——l's monomania?"

"Arrah, dear, don't you know? Suppose you were to borrow an article without asking for it, and thin forget to put it back again—would not that be stealing, ye fule?"

"To be sure it would, Pat, and nothing else."

"Hush, darlint! if you were rich, it would not be thieving at all—it would then be monomania."

GEMS OF POETRY
FROM AMERICAN FEMALE AUTHORS.

THE HEART.

The flush of Youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of Fancy from the mind depart,
The form may lose its symmetry and grace,—
But Time can claim no victory o'er the heart.

Mrs. Dinnies.

POETRY.

There's not a murmur on the breeze,
Nor ripple on the dark blue seas,
Nor breath of violets, faintly sweet,
Nor glittering dew-drop at our feet,
Nor tinge of mellow radiance, where
Soft moonbeams melt along the air;
Nor shade, nor tint, no flower or tree,
But takes a softer grace from thee.
And Love itself—the brightest gem
In all Creation's diadem—
Oh! what were mortal love, didst thou
Not lend a glory to his brow. *Mrs. Whitman.*

THE ZEPHYR'S SOLILOQUY.

I love to sport with the silken curl
On the lily neck of the laughing girl;
To dry the tear of the weeping boy,
Who's breaking his heart for a broken toy;
To fan the heat of his brow away,
And over his mother's harp-strings play,
Till, his grief forgotten, he looks around,
For the secret hand that has waked the sound.

Miss Gould.

TO A SISTER.

Well can I read thy dreams—thy heart,
Already woman's in its wish to bless,
Now longs for one to whom it may impart
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,
And pants to learn the meaning of the thrill
Which wakes when fancy stirs Affection's rill.

Mrs. Embury.

WOMAN'S LOT.

Vain are all such visions!—couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot—
Oh! couldst thou read, upon her pride-veiled brow,
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot—
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,
And pray for strength to wear her victim-crown. *Ib.*

MAN.

Alas! man's passions, even when they sleep,
Like Ocean's waves are heaved with secret swell;
And they who hear the frequent, half-hushed sigh,
Know 'tis the wailing of the storm gone by. *Ib.*

KING'S JOURNEY TO THE SHORES OF THE ARCTIC SEA.

Mr. King was the surgeon and naturalist to the expedition which was sent out under Captain Back, to go in search of Captain Ross, and, as a second object, to survey the yet unexamined coast of the Arctic Ocean. The reader may recollect that the first object was superseded by the return of Ross, and that the second failed, after the descent of the Great Fish River, for the first time by Europeans, in consequence of the accumulation of ice in the sea at its mouth, and the lateness of the season. He may also remember that the scientific discoveries made were dry in their statements, and judiciously placed in an appendix, as well as that the popular characteristic of the work was *endurance*. Those who have studied Captain Back's 'Arctic Land Expedition' itself, are aware that it is divisible into three distinct parts—the first consisting of the journey from Montreal to Fort Reliance, the winter station of the discoverers at the head of the Great Slave Lake; during which the privations and hardships, although considerable, are what are continually encountered by the various persons in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. The second part embraces hybernation in a log hut, on cold and short commons; and the third narrates the difficulties and dangers attendant upon their over-land and over-ice journey to the banks of the Great Fish River, and the perils of its descent.

It is a common complaint among the higher orders, and those who wish to appear to belong to them, that there is no finding a select spot. Every watering-place in England, or on the European Continent, is crowded by the *profanum vulgus*; the impudence of poachers, or the influence of wealth, penetrates every where, and forestalls the rightful owner, or his friends, of sport and profit among the *feræ naturæ*; and even so far north as Norway, there is the risk of meeting one knows not who. But the arctic regions of North America are still open to those who have courage, constitution, time, and money. In their brief summer, the woods are teeming with foliage, and the earth with flowers; the waters are filled with fish of new and various species; the air is sometimes almost darkened by immense flocks of birds; and, especially far north, animals are found of different kinds—the moose-deer, the musk-ox, and the rein-deer, to say nothing of bears—which afford excitement to the hunter and task his utmost powers. Nor does even the winter seem without its objects of interest or active pursuits; neither is the cold itself, according to Mr. King, so tremendous as the thermometer would lead one to fear, while it evidently braces for exertion.

Indian Vanities.—That vanity forms a part of the Indian character, we had ample proof this winter, on taking

some portraits with the camera lucida. A young female having lost the sight of one of her eyes, had ingeniously formed a drop-curl, which effectually hid the blemish; and when, by drawing her flowing hair on one side, that her face might be the more perfectly reflected on the paper, the defect was exposed to our view, she was so exceedingly mortified as for a long time to refuse sitting for her portrait, and then persisted in covering that imperfection. Akaitcho, who had an excrescence about the size of a pea upon his forehead, seemed amused in the highest degree as long as he thought its appearance on paper was intended as a caricature; but finding it remained so, he placed his finger over the representation, observing, with a smiling countenance, in that way it nazoo (good); but, withdrawing his finger, he said, in a contemptuous manner, nazoolah (bad.) Green-stocking, the Indian belle represented in Franklin's Narrative, remarked, on presenting herself before the instrument, that she was now old, and unworthy of being drawn. The sketch, however, was no sooner finished than she appeared highly delighted, and asked whether we thought the great chief in England (meaning Sir John Franklin) would remember her!"

THE WHITE FISH, AND HOW TO CATCH THEM.—The *coregonus albus*, or white fish, is an inhabitant of all the interior lakes of America, and celebrated for the delicacy of its flavour. Several Indian tribes subsist upon it; and it forms the principal food, at many of the fur-posts, for eight or nine months in the year. Although it is a rich, fat fish, instead of producing satiety, it becomes daily more agreeable to the palate; so much so, that, though deprived of bread and vegetables, those who make use of it as daily food are never tired of it. The color of the flesh is bluish white, changing when boiled to a pure white; whence its appellation of white fish. When in season, it is loaded with fat, particularly between the shoulders, where it forms quite a hump; the stomach is extremely thick, and considered a sweet morsel by the voyagers. In October, the "attihawmeg," as it is called by the Crees, or the "poisson blanc" of the Canadians, quits the lakes and enters the rivers to spawn. It has some resemblance to a herring; and, like that fish, dies speedily when taken out of the water. Its usual weight is from two to three pounds, though sometimes it has been caught weighing seven or eight. The fish are taken in winter in gill-nets, after an easy method; as many holes are made in the ice with a chisel at a distance of ten or twelve feet from each other, as the length of the net may require; when a line is passed beneath them by means of a long pole, and readily conveyed from one hole to another by the assistance of a forked stick, until it arrives at the last. The net is then strung upon the line; to either end of which a large stone is fixed, to keep it from expanding and rising from the bottom with every waft of the current, as it otherwise would do. In overhauling or searching a net, the extreme holes are opened; when the line is veered away by one person, while the net is hauled from under the ice by another. In angling for fish in winter, no other process is required than that of cutting a round hole in the ice, from one to two feet in diameter, and letting down a baited hook, which should be kept in motion, not only for the purpose of preventing the water from freezing round about it, but the more readily to attract the attention of the fish."

King's Arctic Narrative.

KING ALFRED'S VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

Mr. B.—In the Palladium of January 21st there is an extract from an English paper, stating that few persons of the present age are aware that Alfred the Great sent a vessel to attempt a passage to the Indies by the North of Europe and Asia, and that there is an account of this voyage, written in Anglo-Saxon, at Copenhagen, which was translated into Latin, at the request of Count de Peiu, Embassador of Louis XV.

But, sir, the lovers of history need not resort to Copenhagen for an account of this voyage. I have a copy of Alfred's translation of the history of Orosius, in which there is a brief account of this voyage, which was narrated to the King by the adventurous navigator, who was a Norwegian, named *Ohthere*, or as the English now write the word, *Octhere*.

This man told his lord, Alfred, that he lived North of all the *Northmen*; that at a certain time, he determined to find how far the land extended *right* North, and whether any man lived North of the waste, (referring to the coast of Norway or the main land of Europe.) He sailed with the land on his starboard, nearly as far as the whale-hunters go, till the land lay due East, even to the inland sea, where he waited for a westerly wind, and then sailed eastward four days, then waited for a northerly wind, and then sailed due South five days. He found the land barren and uninhabited, except by fishermen, fowlers and hunters. He speaks of the Finns, and Beormians. He speaks also of the *horse-whales*, which we now call by an equivalent German name, *Walrus*, (*whalerass*) and of the *rhana*, or *runs*, now incorrectly written *rein deer*, as if the word had been derived from the *reins* of a bridle, (English writers furnish many such blunders.)

This account is too long to be here recited; but it is probable at least that Octher sailed to the White sea. This was in the ninth century, and about the period when Iceland was discovered and settled by the Danes or Norwegians.

It is doubtful however whether this voyage was undertaken by the order, or at the request of Alfred. The words used by Octher in relating his story (Saxon *wolde*, he *would*, or determined to find how far the land extended North), indicates that the voyage was undertaken for satisfying his *own curiosity*. The story however is evidently authentic, and Octher's representations correspond with the modern accounts we have of the North Cape, and of the coast, as also of the inhabitants, and animals.

This was doubtless the first voyage ever made into the North Sea, on which lies the present Archangel in Russia. We learn however by this story that in the ninth century, the business of whaling was carried on by Danes and Norwegians.

New Haven Palladium.

DEATH PREFERRED TO DISHONOR.—During the Irish "Reign of Terror," in 1798, a circumstance occurred, which in the days of Sparta would have immortalized the heroine; it is almost unknown, no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into the principles that influenced her; suffice it that, in common with most of her stamp she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law, to death; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt in the agony of her soul and clasped his knees, while her eye, with the glare of a maniac, fell on her child beside him. The judge was inexorable, the transgressor must die. But, taking advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with whom he was connected. The son wavered—the mother rose from her position of humiliation and exclaimed. 'My child, my child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall be poison in your veins.' He was executed—the pride of her soul enabled her to behold it without a tear—she returned to her home—the support of her declining years had fallen—the tie that bound her to life had given way—and the evening of that day that saw her lonely and forsaken, left her at rest for ever. Her heart had broken in the struggle. [New Monthly Belle Assemblee.

BEAU NASH.—"Beau Nash was as great as Charlemagne in his way, and in this respect greater, that the system which he established became permanent, and he transmitted an empire to his successors which has become yearly more and more extensive. He made laws to regulate when the company should assemble and when they should separate; arranged the tactics of the dance; enacted the dress in which ladies should appear; and if they ventured to disobey and come in without the wedding garment, made no scruple, whatever might be their rank, of turning them out. His strong sense and sarcastic humor kept them in awe. Such a man in old times would have been elected for the king's fool; he seems to have considered himself as standing in some such capacity to the Bath visitors, and made use of the privilege which the character allowed him. The follies of mankind were his food. He gambled, and his profits were such as enabled him to live expensively, and keep an equipage and a large retinue. This life terminated in its natural and righteous way. He became old and helpless, lived to stand in need of that charity which he had never withheld from the needy, but which none extended to him, and died poor, neglected, and miserable; the inhabitants of Bath rewarding his genius after the usual manner in which genius of a higher character is rewarded, by erecting a statue to the honor of the man whom they had suffered almost to starve."

Espriella's Letters.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, THE POET.—Here is the name of an American poet that not one in twenty thousand of the people of the United States ever heard of. The author of "Adams and Liberty" deserves to be called to mind. If ever there was a true poet, he was one: but he "quenched the spirit." As a lyrical poet, he has hardly had his equal here. If we had his poems by us, we might easily show this. Thoughts flashed from him like lightning. When driven to the last push, he could dash off the most brilliant things impromptu. We believe that it was while locked up in a small room by the Jockey Club, on the morning of certain races, that he produced "The steeds of Apollo." A friend of ours was one of a committee to wait on him to receive an ode to Independence for the fourth of July. He had not completed it. The spirit was not on him. It was necessary to have it immediately, and his friends took the only method of arousing him. He dashed off stanza after stanza, and at last came to a dead halt at the last two lines. He tried "Hippocrene" in vain; it would not do. He sat down and "took another;" then suddenly rising with intense emotion he shouted,

"Rise, Independence, wear thy crown,
Or strip its oaken leaves!

Hurra!" A noble ode was born. Why do not the Fostopians give him a monument at Monument at Mount Auburn!

THE WANDERING JEW.—"A few years ago there was a fellow with a long beard in London, who professed himself to be the Wandering Jew. He did not adhere to the legend, which was of little consequence, as his visiters were not likely to be better informed than himself, but laid claim to higher antiquity than the Jerusalem shoemaker, and declared that he had been with Noah in the ark. Noah, he said, had refused to take him; but he got in secretly, and hid himself among the beasts, which is the reason why his name is not mentioned in the Bible; and while he was there, the he-goat had given him a blow on the forehead, the mark of which was visible to this day. Some persons asked him which country he liked best of all that he had visited in his long peregrinations; he answered 'Spain,' as perhaps a man would have done who had really seen all the world. But it was remarked as rather extraordinary, that a Jew should prefer the country of the Inquisition. 'God bless you sir!' replied the ready rogue, shaking his head, and smiling at the same time as if at the error of the observation, 'it was long before Christianity that I was last in Spain, and I shall not go there again till long after it is all over!'"

Espriella's Letters.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE MURDERERS OF EDWARD THE FIFTH.—When Theodore Hildebrand painted his picture, "The Sons of Edward," which is at this moment the ornament of the Berlin exhibition, he deemed it necessary, in order to be correct in the details of his work, to cover his model with the silk tissue which the eldest prince wears in the picture. Hildebrand selected and ordered that tissue in a shop of Dusseldorf, known by the name of Tyrrell. The vender was surprised, and required why the painter was so particular about the article. When the explanation he demanded was afforded him, and he was told of the historical subject which Hildebrand, had chosen he seemed much perplexed in the presence of the buyer, and declared that it was most extraordinary that he, Tyrrell, should be selected to supply the tissue. The motive of his astonishment was soon accounted for: the murderer who, by command of Richard III. put the princes to death in the Tower of London, was compelled to leave England and settle on the continent. The present proprietor of the commercial house at Dusseldorf, so far as genealogy can be credited, descended in a direct line from the nocturnal assassins of Edward's sons!

FOX HUNTING.—"Foxes are imported from France in time of peace, and turned loose upon the south coast of England to keep up the breed for hunting. There is certainly no race of people, not even the hunting tribes of savages, who delight so passionately as the English in this sport. The fox hunter of the last generation was a character as utterly unlike any other in society, and as totally absorbed in his own pursuits, as the alchemist. His whole thoughts were respecting his hounds and horses; his whole anxiety that the weather might be favorable for the sport: his whole conversation was of the kennel and stable, and of the history of his chases. One of the last of this species, who died not many years ago, finding himself seriously ill, rode off to the nearest town, and bade the waiter of the inn bring him in some oysters and porter, and go for a physician. When the physician arrived, he said, 'Doctor, I am devilish ill,—and you must cure me by next month that I may be ready for fox-hunting.' This, however, was beyond the doctor's power. One of his acquaintance called in upon him some little time after, and asked what was his complaint. 'They tell me,' said he, 'tis a dyspepsy. I don't know what that is, but some damn'd thing or other, I suppose!'—A definition of which every sick man will feel the force."

Espriella's Letters.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM IV.—The King some time ago accosted an old workman who had been many years employed about the palace? 'How long have you worked here, old man, eh?'—Why, sir,, a matter of five-and-thirty years,' replied the old man pretending ignorance of the person of the king 'Five and-thirty years, eh! Why you must have known the king then?' 'Yes, sir,' (returned the man) 'and his blessed father too; ah, sir, he was a king; many time when he saw me his blessed majesty used to say, 'Ah! Brown, what, at work still—there's a crown for you, Brown.' Those were good times, sir, hen.' 'You do not know the present king, then, eh?' asked his Majesty—'No, your honor,' replied the wily old workman, 'I never saw him: but they do say he is as much like his blessed old parent as peas—open and generous like, sir, you know.'—Should you like to see the ting?'—'Ay, that I should', sir.' 'Then take this, said his Majesty, throwing him half a sovereign, 'and if any body asks where you got it, say the King gave it you;' and off went the good-hearted monarch, chuckling at the idea of having stolen a march upon the old soldier.

A THOUGHT IN THE SNOW STORM.
BY AN ATTIC BARD.

Alas! mine is a wretched fate,
I con it o'er and o'er,
The glass is *down* to 28,
Coals up to 34!

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1837.

Doings at Washington.—The week commencing where our last Congressional report closed (Wednesday evening, 25th,) has been an eventful one at the political Metropolis.—So many important questions have rarely been agitated in Congress in so brief a period; while out of the halls of legislation, events more exciting if less intrinsically momentous have served to deepen the universal interest. A brief history of the latter only will in this place be given.

It is well known that the House of Representatives have raised two Committees of Investigation, the first of which is directed to inquire into the conduct of the Executive Departments generally, while the latter has special charge of Mr. Reuben M. Whitney, General Agent of the Deposite Banks and counter-styled 'the Treasury Familiar.' In this latter, a violent altercation occurred between Mr. Whitney and Hon. Mr. Peyton of Tennessee on Friday, in which it seems Mr. P. rendered himself liable to severe censure. Mr. Whitney was asked in substance whether Mr. Taney, while Secretary of the Treasury, had not been solicited to appoint him to the station he now holds and peremptorily declined.—This he refused to answer, remarking that Mr. Peyton had asserted what is implied in this question, and should prove it. Mr. Peyton sprung to his feet in a furious passion, and exclaimed, "You thief and robber! if you dare to insult me here before the Committe, I'll put you to death!" Of course, a scene of confusion ensued, and Mr. Whitney was instructed to withdraw, and on his return his answer was handed back to him, as disrespectful to a member of the Committee, and therefore not proper to be received. This decision was doubtless correct; but no insolence of a witness could justify such an ebullition of passion in a Member of Congress as that indulged by Mr. Peyton. An investigation conducted in such a temper can lead to no good.

The other Investigating Committee (Mr. Wise's) does not get on more smoothly. On Friday, a letter was received from Gen. Jackson in reply to a requisition of the Committee. The request was in substance for a statement of the expenses of the Executive Departments for printing, and for the names of any persons who may be drawing salaries from the Treasury who have not been nominated to the Senate and whose names are not in the Blue Book. The answer, very unexpectedly, to us, at least, is cavalier in its tone, and furnishes none of the information sought for. It has not been made public, and the only accounts of it reach us through the Opposition letter-writers, who must have given it a high coloring. According to those, it recites the history of the resolution of Mr. Wise demanding this investigation, and seems in some degree addressed to him personally—complains that charges are implied in its passage against the Executive Departments, yet no specifications made—and asserts that such a course "is an open violation of the Constitution and of the established maxim that all men are presumed to be innocent until proven guilty." According to the Courier & Enquirer's 'Spy in Washington,' he adds—"*The heads of Departments may answer such a request as they please*, PROVIDED *they do not withdraw their own time and that of the officers under their direction from the public business to the injury thereof. To that business I shall direct them to devote themselves, in preference to any illegal and unconstitutional calls for information, no matter from what source it may come, or however anxious they may be to meet it.*" And then the General asserts that he, for himself, shall repel all such attempts as he "*would the establishment of a Spanish Inquisition.*" Gen. Jackson further states that he shall insist that Mr. Wise and his associates shall produce charges and specifications, otherwise he shall have them summoned before the Committee to declare what they actually know on the subject, and if they do not make good their assertions and implications, they will stand convicted of calumny. As to the expenditure of the Contingent Fund, &c. he directs them to look at the documents on their tables.

In accordance with this unexpected requisition of the President, it is understood that Judge White, Mr. Bell, and some others, were summoned before the Committee on Saturday. We presume their attendance must be voluntary, as the specific purpose for which the Committee was raised was the investigation of the condition of the Departments, and not of any charges or rumors in circulation impeaching their good conduct. Judge White, however, evinced his readiness to testify, declaring that, if brought to the stand, he should make some disclosures which he had intended to carry to the grave with him. He was examined in full on Monday; but the result of that examination has not yet transpired.

Gen. Santa Ana left Washington on Friday for Norfolk, where report says he was to have embarked in the U.S. armed ship Pioneer for Vera Cruz. Doubts are justly entertained of the propriety of this step, since Santa Ana is publicly declared a traitor and outlaw by the existing government of Mexico, and his return prohibited under penalty of death.—Of course, a vessel attempting to land him must be treated as a public enemy by the authorities and military force of that nation. We think Gen Jackson must be acting in this matter upon information that the present Government of Mexico are so violently inimical to this country that a war is inevitable, if not already declared by Mexico.

☞ *The Plaindealer*, in a courteous though partial reply to our strictures of two weeks since, manifests an indisposition to engage with us in a general discussion of the various and weighty questions of principle and policy involved in the disposition of the Public Lands. As we are fully aware that this disinclination of our cotemporary is based on a conviction that his pen may be more profitably employed otherwise, we waive any further remarks on those topics which he has chosen to leave untouched, simply expressing our belief that he would, on mature consideration, be disposed to modify some of his original propositions. For the present, we shall consider only the point which he maintains with unyielding pertinacity—that the proposed restriction of the sales of Public Lands to actual settlers upon them is perfectly consistent with the principles of free trade. After quoting our former remarks on this head, The Plaindealer observes—

"If Mr. Cambreleng should be guilty of the silly conduct which the *New-Yorker* has taken for one of his illustrative hypotheses, he certainly would commit a very egregious violation of the plainest principles of free trade; simply because he would not, in that case, leave the buyer and seller free to make their own bargain, but would seek to thrust a prodigious legislative barrier between them. The buyers, in the case supposed, are the workers and consumers of iron in this country; and the sellers are those who deal in the article in Great Britain. The trade between them is free, when no legislative hindrances, of any kind, are interposed by a third party. Congress, in this case, is that third party; and the buyer and seller are not left alone to make their bargain, but the third party steps in with its conditions, which are of as imperative obligation on the purchaser, as those of the seller."

We respectfully submit to the judgement of the public that this narrow and perverse definition of free trade in which The Plaindealer persists is scouted—we had almost said by the common sense of mankind—but certainly by every page of our country's more recent history. For the last twenty years a momentous struggle has been in progress, with various alternations of success and discomfiture, between the advocates of a protective tariff and those of free trade. And yet, during that whole period, not one leading advocate, surely not one considerable body, of the friends of free trade, have demanded the absolute repeal of all duties whatever.—And yet, according to our cotemporary, this and nothing else than this is free trade. Mr. Cambreleng, Mr. Calhoun, and all the distinguished champions of free trade in Congress, the Free Trade National Convention at Philadelphia, and the successive and able Memorials of the State of South Carolina, have been unanimous in demanding an *equalization* of duties on imports, and not an abolition of all duties. A general ad valorem impost of twenty per cent. has been usually represented by them as at once adequate and satisfactory. But this, according to our political lexicographer, would be just no free trade at all, and these apostles of the faith have not known what they wanted. Most certainly, a uniform revenue tariff of twenty per cent. would be just as fatal to free trade as a protective tariff, exacting fifty per cent. on woollens, forty on iron, thirty on cotton fabrics, and nothing at all on tea and coffee! 'We have not so learned' political economy.

It must be seen, therefore, that The Plaindealer has not disposed of our illustration in the instance of Mr. C.C.Cambreleng. If that gentleman should to-morrow move the immediate reduction of all duties to twenty per cent. it would be universally hailed as a free trade measure; but should he move to abolish entirely all imposts save those on iron, grain, cotton and woollen fabrics, and establish these at fifty, eighty or one hundred per cent. it would be deemed a flagrant dereliction from his well-known principles. And yet the latte scheme would restore The Plaindealer's free trade in every thing except four articles; while the former, by the same test, would not conduce to free trade at all. We could not have believed it possible that an intelligent essayist would dispute so palpably true a proposition as that theoretic free trade consists in the equality and uniformity of the duties on imports, and is hostile to discrimination, protection, restriction, rather than to the imposition of any mere revenue duties at all.

Need we say more on this point? A single illustration must suffice: Suppose Congress, relying on the surplus and the proceeds of Public Lands, or preferring a resort to direct taxation, should abolish all duties, but protect the manufacturer by a bounty of ten or twenty per cent. on iron, woollens, &c. Here would be perfect free trade, as saith The Plaindealer—no barrier between the buyer and seller. But not so the South, and the friends of free trade generally. They would remonstrate, and protest, and pronounce it the old American System in a new guise. Who will say they would be wrong in so doing?

If our premises be correct, the assumption that the contemplated restriction of the land sales to immediate settlers must necessarily contravene the principles of free trade, is abundantly sustained. Free trade—restriction—the words do not chime: the ideas cannot harmonize. 'Let trade regulate itself,' says The Plaindealer, in reference to commerce, to pilotage, to banking, to manufactures. Why hesitate or turn recreant in regard to lands! We can call to mind many and vigorous essays from the editor's pen, which would bear directly against the proposed antidote to land speculation, by a slight accommodation of terms. Fully convinced as we are that any scheme of the kind must prove vexatious, futile, and especially injurious to the growth and improvement of the West, we are equally confident that its evils will flow from its violation of the just and immutable laws of free trade—We have done.

Congress.—So many weighty subjects have been acted on this week in Congress that we have chosen to present them separately and successively, instead of following the order of time, at the expense of frequent repetitions—trusting in this way to offer a more succinct and less formal narrative than could readily be embodied in a continuation of our customary record.

The first important measure was the admission in both Houses of Members on Thursday from the new State of Michigan. In the Senate, no objection was made; but in the House, Mr. Robertson of Va. demurred, on the ground that Michigan was not a State when her Representative was chosen. Whether essentially proper or otherwise, the course pursued by Michigan in this matter has been perfectly consistent with that of many of the new States in their primary organization. Mr. Robertson's objection was overruled by a very large majority; so Isaac E. Crary is Representative of Michigan for the brief remainder of the present Congress, and—the usual lottery drawing having been resorted to—Lucius Lyon and John Norvell, Senators; the former till March 1839, the latter till 1841.

The action of the Senate on the new bill from the Land Committee "designating and limiting the funds receivable for the revenue of the United States," forms an important feature in the history of the week. The object and effect of the bill—and there is no use in mincing the matter—is the repeal of the famous Treasury Order, requiring that payments for Public Lands should be made in specie exclusively. This bill was taken up out of course on Thursday by the decisive vote of 33 to 13. It provides that the notes of specie-paying banks shall be received, provided the issue no less than $5, and that after the 30th December, 1834, they issue none less than $10. To this Mr. Rives proposed to add a further restriction to notes of $20

or over after 1841. This amendment was adopted by a vote of 23 to 18—the affirmative Administration except Preston and White; the negative Opposition excepting King of Ala., Morris and Nicholas. An animated and slightly personal discussion then followed, between Mr. Benton in opposition to, and Messrs. Walker and Rives in support of the bill. Mr. Benton charged the Administration Senators who support this bill with hostility to the cherished policy of Gen. Jackson. Mr. Walker in reply argued the impossibility of a recurrence to an absolute and exclusive specie currency, and asserted, if we are not misinformed, that this project had the sanction of the President. Mr. Rives contended that it was carrying out the policy of Gen. Jackson by suppressing small notes and circulating specie in their stead. Mr. Benton rejoined that this was a first act of Congress legalizing Bank notes as money, and was virtually a repeal of the specie experiment and a revocation of all the Administration measures upon that subject. He had no faith in State Banks, and could see no safe medium between a specie currency and a National Bank. Mr. Morris of Ohio opposed the bill as unconstitutional, in recognizing other money than gold and silver. The Opposition Members stood aloof from the discussion till Monday, when Mr. Webster briefly broke ground against some of the provisions of the bill, contending that it was ill-digested, defective, and left every thing as it found it, at the mercy of the Secretary of the Treasury. He should vote for it, if at all, with great reluctance. Mr. Calhoun followed in a few remarks of a similar tenor.

The Public Land Bill has been discussed at intervals in the Senate, to little purpose thus far. It is intimated that the admission of the Michigan Senators has so materially strengthened the New State interest that an attempt will be made to reduce the price of the Lands, in spite of the recent decision on that point. We believe that no reduction or graduation bill can be carried through the House, even if it should pass the Senate. Neither will any such measure as the restriction of Land sales to actual settlers be adopted. We hardly believe this would obtain a majority of the Senators from the new States themselves. A preëmption clause was on Monday adopted in Committee of the Whole. Perhaps this is right, if properly guarded. There are doubtless cases, in which the adventurous 'squatters' on the Public Lands are justly entitled to this favor: but it is not less certain that preëmptions have hitherto covered innumerable frauds and iniquities. On the broad basis of justice, we cannot see how the first half dozen squatters at such a location as Chicago was ten years since, should have a right to monopolize the whole site at ten shillings per acre, while hundreds stand ready the first moment it is for sale to give a thousand times as much. *Mr. King of Ga. spoke on Tuesday very warmly against the whole system of encouraging squatters, reducing prices, &c. as unjust in itself and ruinous to the old States. He contended that these squatters were no more entitled to lands at a price infinitely below their value, than the other poor citizens of the United States. He declared that he should vote against the bill, and also to strike out each particular section of it. Mr. Bayard of Del. followed on the same side.

An unpleasant personal altercation took place in the House on Tuesday, in which Messrs. Bell of Tenn. and Jarvis of Me were parties. Mr. Jarvis is Chairman of the Naval Committee, and wished to get up a bill providing for the enlistment of boys into the Navy; Mr. Bell objected that such a step would consume the remainder of the morning hour, and prevent his concluding his speech explanatory of his bill to secure the freedom of elections. Mr. Jarvis replied that the former bill was of pressing importance; while the gentleman from Tennessee must know that *his* motion could lead to no useful result, and would only serve to gratify his personal feeling. "That is *false!*" exclaimed Mr. Bell—and thereupon a scene of confusion and disorder ensued, and Mr. Mercer vainly interposed as mediator. After consuming the whole day, the matter was finally adjusted so as to prevent a duel, to which both parties were abundantly inclined.—The offenders in this instance against the rules of propriety and decorum ought to pay the cost of it to the nation—not less than $5,000.

Monday was Abolition day, as usual, in the House—Mr. Adams on the floor. Whatever he presented was of course laid on the table without reading or reference. In one instance, he presented a petition from an Anti Slavery association in Philadelphia, protesting against the annexation of Texas to the United States. As it contained some allusions to the forbidden subject of slavery, the the Speaker decided that it must be on the table, as above. Mr. Adams appealed; but the appeal and the whole subwere laid on the table—131 to 62. Mr. Adams continued to present petition after petition, and in each case appealed from the decision of the chair that they be laid on the table without reading, and was voted down. Mr. Haley of Conn. presented the remonstrance of 200 citizens of New London, Conn. *against* the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Granger presented a Memorial of the merchants of this city in favor of a National Bank. It was referred to the Committee on Commerce—every body, even Mr. G. himself, seeming both to take charge of it. It will not be acted on.

Memorials for aid to the cause of Colonization have been presented in either House, and seem to be in scarcely better odor than Abolition preambles. Of course nothing will be done with them.

The Committee of the House on the amendment of the Constitution, so as to ensure the election of President by the people, have reported that a proposition from the same Committee at the last session has not been acted on—which is poor encouragement for any further labors on their part. They recommend that the old report and bill be committed to he Committee of the Whole. Probably this is the last we shall hear of the matter.

Mr. Bell has usually been enabled to speak about ten or fifteen minutes of the morning hour each day in support of his motion for leave to bring in a bill to secure the freedom of elections. He concluded on Tuesday; but the the House passed at once to the order of the day.

Later.—The great Land Bill was urged through in Senate on Wednesday. It its present shape, it has no graduation clause; but a most sweeping and disastrous Preëmption provision has been carried by the aid of the new Senators from Michigan. A motion to strike out this section was lost by the following vote:

YEAS—Bayard, Calhoun, Clay, Clayton, Crittenden, Cuthbert, Davis, Kent, King, (Ga.) Knight, Moore, Morris, Prentiss, Preston, Robbins, Ruggles, Southard, Swift, Tallmadge, Tomlinson, Wall, Webster—22.

NAYS—Benton, Black, Brown, Dana, Ewing, (Ill.) Fulton, Grundy, Hendricks, Hubbard, King, (Ala.) Linn, Lyon, Nicholas, Niles, Norvell, Page, Rives, Robinson, Sevier, Strange, Tipton, Walker, White, Wright—24.

[Absent, Messrs. M'Kean of Pa. Spence of Md. Ewing of Ohio, and Mouton of Lou.—the three first of whom would certainly have voted in the affirmative.]

Mr. Moore then moved to restrict the operation of this clause to those who are already squatters, or who may become so before the meeting of the next Congress. Lost: Yeas 23; Nays 23—just as before, except that Mr Strange of N. C. voted in the affirmative.

Mr. Black then moved a restriction of the provision to citizens of the United States: Carried; 24 to 21—Messrs Black and Strange being added to the Yeas given above.

Mr. Tallmadge then moved to limit the operation of this Preëmption to June 30th, 1840, which prevailed. [If such a bounty to squatters be just and politic now, why not in 1841? Besides, who does not know that the number of that very independent class of citizens, and consequently their influence and ability to extort new favors, will increase every year?]

The bill thus amended from the Committee of Public Lands was then adopted as a substitute for the original bill of Mr. Morris by a vote of 26 to 19, and the Senate adjourned. On the following day, this bill—fraught, as we conceive, with gross injustice and injury to the older States and to the honest purchaser of, and legal settler upon the Public Lands in the New—PASSED to be engrossed by a decisive vote. *Can* it be carried through the House?

On Wednesday, the Indian wars and the Indian policy of the Administration were the theme of discussion in the House—the Indian Appropriation bill coming up. Messrs. Cushing of Mass. and Everett of Vt. animadverted with some severity on the frauds and oppressions which had driven the Creeks into hostilities, and thus urged them on to their destiny—famine, massacre and exile. Mr. Everett commented on the inhumanity and sufferings which had attended the removal of these Creeks, as related to him by eye witnesses.

Messrs. Halsey of Ga. and Lawler of Ala. replied, defending the Government against these imputations, though admitting that the Indians have been plundered and wronged by individuals. They contended that there must always be a conflict between a savage and a civilized community placed in contact, and they should stand by their own people. [Admirable philanthropy, to say nothing of justice.] Mr. Glascock asserted that the frauds had been committed by speculators of both political parties. [No doubt of it.]

Mr. Wright, from the Committee on Finance, has reported a bill to reduce the National Revenue to the wants of the Government. It is far less obnoxious to the manufacturing interest than Mr. Cambreleng's bill in the House—repealing the duties on a great number of articles not produced in this country and on iron required for iron steamboats, and reducing the imposts on wines and vinous liquors one half. We believe something like this will pass, if any tariff bill.

Mr. Van Buren, President elect, took leave of the Senate on Saturday last, in the following appropriate and courteous speech:

Senators—The period is at hand which is to terminate the official relation that has existed between us, and I have probably never to return to a body with which I have been long connected, where some remain whom I found here fifteen years ago, and where in the progress of public duties, personal associations have arisen never to be forgotten. From such scenes I cannot retire without emotion.

Nor can I give to the Senate the opportunity of choosing another to preside for a time over their deliberations, without referring to the manner in which I have endeavored to discharge a gratifying and honorable trust connected with the office to which my country called me.

Entering upon it with unaffected diffidence, well knowing how little my studies had been directed to its peculiar duties, I was yet strengthened by the determination then expressed, so to discharge the authority with which I was invested as "best to protect the rights, to respect the feelings and to guard the reputation of all who could be effected by its exercise." I was sure that if successful in this I should be pardoned for errors which I could hardly expect to avoid.

In the interval that has since elapsed, it has been our lot in this assembly to pass through scenes of unusual excitement; the intense interest in absorbing topics which has pervaded our whole community could not be unfelt within these walls. The warmth of political parties in such times; the unguarded ardor of sudden debate; and the collisions seldom to be separated from the invaluable privilege of free discussion have not been unfrequently mingled with the more tranquil tenor of ordinary legislation. I cannot hope, that in emergencies like these, I have always been so fortunate as to satisfy every one around me. Yet I permit myself to think that the extent to which my decisions have been approved by the Senate is some evidence that my efforts justly to administer their rules, have not been vain; and I conscientiously cherish the conviction that on no occasion have I departed from my easy resolution or been regardless of what was due to the rights or the feelings of the members of this body. Though I may henceforth be separated from the Senate, I can never cease to revert with peculiar interest to my long connection with it. In every situation in my future life I shall remember with a just pride the evidences of approbation and confidence which I have here received; and as an American Citizen, devotedly attached to the institutions of my country, I must always regard with becoming and sincere respect a branch of our government, entrusted with such extensive powers, and designed by our forefathers to accomplish such important results.

Indulging the ardent wish that every success may await you in performing the exalted and honorable duties of your public trust, and offering my warmest prayers, that prosperity and happiness may be constant attendants upon each of you along the future paths of life, I respectfully bid you farewell.

Mr. Van Buren then retired, and the Senate proceeded to ballot for a President pro tem. The ballots being deposited, there appeared to be 38 votes given—19 necessary to a choice, of which Mr. King of Alabama had 27, Mr. Southard 7, and the others were scattering. Mr. King of Alabama, was therefore declared to be elected President *pro tem.* and he was conducted to the Chair by Mr. Benton.

The President pro tem. then addressed the Senate.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The news of the passage of the Expunging Resolutions reached Harrisburgh while certain instructions in support of them were under consideration in the Legislature. The House immediately voted its approbation of the proceedings: Yeas 63, Nays 29.

After considerable debate, the following resolution relative to the tariff passed through committee of the whole, and on second reading, January 30, by a vote of 56 to 22:

"*Resolved*, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested, to oppose the passage of any bill which may have for its object any change whatever in the present tariff as established by the act of Congress, passed 2d March, 1833."

RHODE ISLAND.—The Legislature of this State has unanimously instructed her Senators and Representatives to oppose any disturbance of the Tariff Compromise of 1833.

MICHIGAN.—A series of Expunging Resolutions have been adopted by the Legislature of this State—in the House, by a vote of 34 to 3, and unanimously in the Senate.

The Bank of Constantine in Michigan has just been organized—Willis T. House, President. We trust measures will be taken to keep its notes a little nearer par in this quarter than Michigan notes are apt to be.

Lyons is the name of a new emporium, of which great things are predicted, in the interior of Michigan. It is situated at the head of steamboat navigation on Grand River, 1,500 miles from its mouth and just above the mouth of the Maple. It possesses great facilities both for trade and manufactures, and is surrounded by a rich farming country.

WISCONSIN.—Two banks have been incorporated in this territory—one at Milwaukee, the other at Dubuque.

The editor of the Belmont Gazette estimates the population of the Territory at 28,000. Being questioned as to the probable time when the population of the Territory will justify her admission into the Union, he says—

"The Territory of Wisconsin cannot be admitted into the Union, as at present organized. When the North Western Territory was ceded to the General Government by Virginia, a clause was inserted, requiring that it should be formed into not less than two States, nor more than five. Four have already been erected; consequently, that portion of the Territory east of the Mississippi must be formed into a State by itself. It is expected that both sides will be admitted at the same time; but how soon that will be is hard to solve. In our opinion, five years will give birth to a sufficient population."

Chief Justice Savage has descended from the bench to the Clerkship of the Supreme Court—the latter office being the most lucrative. As the world goes, who can blame him?

Indian Troubles in the Northwest.—There is no longer room to doubt that a war between the Winnebago and Fox Indians of the Upper Mississippi has already commenced.—The Sioux have also engaged in hostilities against the Foxes, and the latter have moreover embroiled themselves with the Menominees. A Winnebago family was recently murdered by the Foxes near Turkey river, and five lodges of Foxes on the Lower Iowa were surprised by a war party of Sioux and most of the inmates killed. The informer, however, fled before the battle was at an end, and it is possible that the Foxes were not all killed. He says he counted 12 dead before he left. As long ago as the 20th of July last, a lodge of Sioux was overpowered, and its inmates massacred by the Foxes near the Des Moines. The settlers in the Far West apprehend the disturbance of their tranquillity in the course of these reciprocal barbarities next summer. With regard to the cause of these difficulties, the Belmont (Wisconsin) Gazette remarks:

"It would seem that the intestine troubles and wars of these Indians are never to have an end. Points of difficulty exist between the whites and Sacs and Foxes, commencing with the treaty of 1804, and extending down to the present time. They are a confederated tribe or nation, the Sacs numbering about 4,000, the Foxes 2,000. Jealousy and discord exist among them. They are divided into two parties—one known as the British band, and the other the friendly party, the former being the strongest. So high have these discontents risen, that the life of Keokuck, their principal chief, has been threatened by the British band, in order to place one of their own party, named Hardfish, at their head. All the misfortunes of their nation are charged to him and the other friendly chiefs, and he has promised to abdicate in two years. The 'Watchful Fox' is the translation of his name, and is said, by those familiar with his character, to be an exceedingly befitting appellation."

From the Southwest.—We announce with great pleasure that the United States force lately posted near Nacogdoches, Texas, has been positively withdrawn, and that a great portion of it reached Fort Towson on or before the 27th of December. We believe the invasion of that territory was wholly unwarranted by the laws of nations, uncalled for by any exigency, and unsanctioned by the President of the U. States. Whether the fault lies wholly with Gen. Gaines, or is in some measure shared by the Secretaries of State and of War, we are not fully advised. Suffice it for the present that it not fully redressed, it is at least no longer persisted in. Heaven grant that we may hear nothing more of our 'disputed territory' on the other side of the river Sabine.

EAGLETOWN, Choctaw Nation, Dec. 23, 1836.

Dear Sir:—On Monday last, one of my hunters arrived here, from Cross Timbers, who informed me, as a fact, that he was told by the Cachies, that a party of the Camanches killed and scalped a white man, in the prairies near the Cross Timbers. A hunting party of the Choctaws received farther information, from the same band of the Cachies, that all the different tribes of Indians in the West, were uniting with a view to declare a war against the United States. The war against Texas was already declared. The Cachies stated, also, that the Mexicans were their close friends and would act in their behalf; and farther stated, that then all the chiefs of different nations were busy in holding councils, to effect a union of all the different tribes in the West. The Cachies gave strong hints to the Choctaws to join them.

"I give you this brief account, just as it was told to me, thinking it is for the interest of our country, and to give you information of the plans adopted by the wild Indians against our peace. I think the Mexicans are at the head of it. The plan of a union of all the different tribes, is a policy too deep for wild Indians to study out and adopt."

For the New-Yorker.

MONEY AND BANKS.

Mr. G.—If it be not too great a trespass on your columns, I will beg the use of them to publish a few of my notions on the Currency. I wish it to be understood that I do not myself regard them as any thing better than mere speculations, nor pretend that they are logically deduced from any known facts: but I think it not impossible that they may be of some use, as hints, to those who have time and ability to investigate these matters.

In order that I may be fully understood, I will premise that I consider specie merely as so much metal, which the Government barters for what it considers an equivalent, certifying by its stamp that each piece is of such weight and quality as the law prescribes; and that, though Government is bound to receive it in payment, it is by no means bound to redeem it by giving any other article for it: and that bank notes are promises which entitle the holder to demand the specie at any time that may suit his convenience. Specie, then, I regard as just so much better than uncoined metal, as the stamp may make it by saving the trouble of testing its weight and quality every time it is to be bartered for other merchandize. How much per cent. this extra value can erred by the coining may be I cannot say; but I think individuals would not melt it for manufacturing purposes when they had by them uncoined metal of the same quality, because the uncoined metal could not be bartered without the trouble of weighing and examining, and perhaps carrying to some distance, while the coins would readily be taken by any one. But, though a man would not melt silver coins when he had as much uncoined silver as he might want, *or* gold coins when he had bullion, it does not follow that he would not melt silver when the demand for it is such as to make its relative value greater than usual, and vice versa. On the contrary, it is known that coins are much used for manufacturing purposes; and are likely to be so, so long as the prices of the two metals are determined by the joint influence of the demand and supply—unless you can keep the se causes relatively the same with respect to both.

To obviate—what I presume is an evil when carried on as at present, the melting of coins—I would suggest that only gold should be used, mixed with so much base metal as would give the requisite hardness and bulk. I could further suggest that the bulk of coins should be directly proportionate to their value, or as nearly so as may be without rendering them too small for use.

I have now to speak of those promises called bank notes, but I wish to be understood as speaking merely of them, and not referring to ordinary banking business, any farther than I may speak specifically. When the promisor's veracity and solvency are undoubted, these notes are held as equivalent to specie, because the promisor will pay specie on demand.—Their value then depends jointly on the promisor's veracity and solvency, or, in other words, on his credit. When the promisor's credit is undoubted, people are content to wait for the specie until it is wanted for actual use by themselves, giving him the use of it in the interim—whence his profit; and, as business is now conducted, credit will yield considerable income to its possessor, of which he does well to avail himself, since it is no harm, but rather a benefit, to the community.

I say it is unworthy thriftlessness in those who possess credit, to neglect the advantages they might derive from it, whether they be individuals, or companies, or communities. If this be admitted, it will appear that the people, as a community, should issue these evidences of debt to the extent of the demand for them, or of their own credit:—I mean, that the Government of a country, or State, or city, township, or other responsible community, that possesses credit, might draw interest on it, and should do so, for the mutual benefit of the body politic and of business men.

I would have our Federal Government institute a Bank, as soon as may be, on something like the following principles: It should loan money on real property, but not on the credit of individuals, as security; and, for the convenience of both rich and poor, it should allow money to be drawn and deposited at the pleasure of the drawer, and charge interest only while it is out. To speak more particularly, of securities—I would allow any man to deposite in the Bank a mortgage of his real estate, and his certificates of stock, and other evidences of property, and those should be examined by the officers appointed for the purpose, who would decide on the amount for which he might draw. To prevent inconvenience from too much small business, a certain fee should be charged on the examination of securities, and on every draft and deposite, enough to pay for the trouble.

Should such an institution ever come into operation, I think the consequence will be, that most of the real property in the country will be mortgaged to it, and the loans invested in trade and public improvements, or other ways beneficial to individuals and the community.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the Government should have no partnership with individual stockholders; or that its business should be so limited that it could not be used as a bribing-machine. Loans and exchanges are as much as would be necessary to entrust to it. But the facilities it would afford for borrowing and transmitting money must obviously be great, if it had branches in all parts of the country; and the income of the country would be such as materially to lessen taxation, or to add to the public wealth by railroads, canals, etc. as the free-traders and public-improvement men may hereafter agree. Your ob't. serv't. J. K. F.

Gen. Santa Ana, now on his return to Mexico, was met at Norfolk by Hon. Powhatan Ellis, our late Mexican Minister, who has felt himself constrained to leave that country. We do not know that they had an interview, but the coincidence is not unworthy of notice.

We hear that the U. S. schooner Pioneer, Lt. Com. Tattnall, with Santa Ana and Almonte, was towed down from Norfolk to Hampton Roads on Monday evening, and immediately set sail for Vera Cruz.

Widening the Erie Canal.—A Convention of delegates from the Western Counties of this State, interested in the enlargement of the Grand Canal, assembled at Rochester on Wednesday the 18th. Eleven Counties were represented—Erie and Monroe most considerably. A preamble and resolutions were agreed to, urging upon the Legislature the policy of an immediate and energetic prosecution of the great work of enlarging the Canal, by borrowing money for that purpose instead of awaiting the tardy accumulation of a sufficient surplus from the revenue of the Canal itself. Hon. Nathan Dayton, of Lockport, was President of the Convention. An Executive Committee, having its head quarters at Rochester, was appointed, with County corresponding Committees, and a Memorial to the Legislature for general circulation, was agreed upon.

OFFICIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, January 20, 1837.

Notice is hereby given, that under provisions of an act of Congress, approved the 18th January, 1837, all coins of the United States, both of gold and silver, bearing date of 1837, and subsequent years, will have the standard such that, of one thousand parts by weight, nine hundred will be of the pure metal, and one hundred alloy: that the weight of the gold coin will be the same as established by the act of June, 1834, the eagle having the weight of two hundred and fifty-eight grains and the parts in proportion; and the weight of the silver coin will be reduced, so as to retain the same quantity of pure silver as heretofore, the dollar having the weight of four hundred and twelve and a half grains, and the parts in proportion.

LEVI WOODBURY, Secretary of the Treasury.

The Suffolk Bank of Boston recently drew upon the Agricultural Bank of Brewer, Me. for $9,000 in specie with the view probably of breaking that institution, but the officers of the bank counted out the $9,000 and had $10,000 in specie left. The capital of this bank is only $50,000.

Salt.—The quantity of domestic Salt inspected in the village of Salina during the last year, was 984,685 bushels, Syracuse 305,396, Liverpool 364,202, Geddes 259,474. Total 1,912,858 bushels, which is less than the amount in 1835 by 297,000 bushels, and less than in 1834 by 20,394 bushels.

Value of Imports into the Port of New-York, for the three first quarters of 1836, ending the 30th

September,	$90,746,394
Duties for same period	14,725,015
Value of imports for 1835	89,304,198
Duties accrued for 1835	14,168,116

Our Legislature has done but a moderate business the past week. The bill repealing the Restraining Law has passed the Senate in some shape (we can hardly say what) and is now before the House. It certainly does not amount to much.

Mr. Young has introduced a bill to suppress $5, $10, and ultimately $20 notes in this State Most absurd and pernicious quackery! It were just as wise to prohibit the sale of potatoes in less quantities than a cartload, or less sugar than a ton. We fervently hope this vexatious folly will not be carried any farther.

In the House, on Monday, Mr. C. E. Shepard offered the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, The good and the great, who through long lives have devoted themselves to the most arduous services, both civil and military; whose virtue and patriotism have shed about their country an unfading halo of glory, have pre-eminent claims upon the gratitude of a free people,

And whereas, General Andrew Jackson while on the tented field "he filled the measure of his country's Glory" has alike as President of the United States for the last eight years signally distinguished himself for the firmness and patriotism of his public acts and for the purity and stern virtue of his private life,

And whereas, the period is about arriving when that illustrious man will retire from the high station to which he was called by the suffrages of a free people; surely a public expression from us the Representatives of the people of the State of New-York, will show to the world that Republics are not proverbially ungrateful.

Therefore Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) that his Excellency the Governor be requested to tender to General Jackson the high sense this Legislature entertain of the purity and wisdom of his administration; and that the people of the State of New-York, through their Representatives, do desire to express their exalted appreciation of his political principles and their ardent hope that amidst the shades of the Hermitage, the evening of that life he has spent so gloriously for his country, may close around him in calmness and repose.

At the request of Mr. Bradish they were laid upon the table and ordered to be printed.

A bill establishing the competency of all persons to testify in courts of justice, whatever their religious or irreligious opinions, has passed the House: 40 to 34.

A resolution approving the Expunging operation also passed the House on Tuesday: Yeas 72, Nays 28.

Banks in the United States.—A Report was made to Congress on Wednesday last, by the Secretary of the Treasury, in compliance with a resolution of the House, of the number and condition of all the Banks in the country at different periods of time from January 1830 to 1st December 1836. It is a document of 216 pages, and we extract from it the following items, which will be found interesting:

Date.	Number of Banks.	Capital paid in.
Jan. 1, 1830	330	$145,192,268
Jan. 1, 1834	507	205,123,788
Jan. 1, 1835	704	331,250,357
Jan. 1, 1836	713	251,875,292

The following table will show the number of banks and branches in each State and Territory on the 1st Dec. 1836, with the amount of authorized capital:

States.	No. of Banks.	Branches.	Authorized Capital.
Maine	59		$5,585,000
New-Hampshire	23		2,665,308*
Vermont	20		1,200,000
Massachusetts	188		40,830,000
Rhode Island	64		9,100,531
Connecticut	31	3	8,519,368*
New-York	96	2	37,303,400
Pennsylvania	50		59,656,482*
New-Jersey	26		7,575,000
Delaware	4	4	1,197,775*
Maryland	28	3	29,175,000
District of Columbia	7		3,500,000
Virginia	4	18	6,711,300*
North-Carolina	3	4	2,600,000
South-Carolina	8	2	10,356,318
Georgia	14	11	5,209,967*
Florida	9		9,800,000
Alabama	3	4	4,456,969
Louisiana	15	49	54,000,000
Mississippi	11	12	22,400,000
Tennessee	3	4	5,600,000
Kentucky	4	10	9,246,640*
Arkansas	2		3,500,000
Missouri			
Illinois	2	5	2,800,000
Indiana	1	10	1,900,000
Ohio	22	1	12,900,000
Michigan	17	3	7,500,000
Wisconsin	1		100,000
Total	677	146	$375,421,168

*Returns incomplete.

DIVIDENDS.

Names.	Time.	When payable.	Rate.
Morris Canal & Banking Co.	6 months	Feb. 10	4 per cent.
Mechanics Bank	———	Feb. 1	6 do.
Greenwich Bank	6 months	Feb. 1	3½ do.
Long Island Railroad	6 months	Feb. 1	6 do.
New-Jersey R. R. & T. Co.	6 months	Feb. 1	4 do.

THE BANKS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

There are 17 banks in the city and county of Philadelphia, and the number of country banks is 32, making in all 49, and the aggregate of the whole number is as follows:

	City and County.	Country.	Whole amount.
Capital Stock,	$51,180,205	$7,946,630	$58,226,835
Notes in Circulation	39,261,327	7,887,333	47,148,660
Due to Depositors	10,674 214	3,514,539	14,188,753
Due to other Banks	40,644,166	1,560,425	42,204,591
Specie on hand	5,128,113	1,437,756	6,565,869
Due by other Banks	42,682,843	2,156,260	44,839,103
Notes of other Banks	23,731,517	1,156,829	24,888,346
Notes discounted	82,375,646	14,155,508	96,531,154
Unclaimed Dividends	564,947	210,859	775,806
Contingent Fund	3,069,228	1,028,559	4,097,787
Real Estate	1,747,286	402,571	2,149,857
Due Commonwealth of Pa.	1,153,267	40,040	1,193,327

Bicknell's Reporter.

Coinage.—A message from the President of the United States, transmitting a copy of the annual report of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia, showing the operations of that institution during the past year, and also the progress made towards the completion of the Branch Mints in North-Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana.

From one of the statements accompanying the Report it appears that the coinage of the Mint in the year 1836 has been

IN GOLD,		
553,147 half eagles	$2,765,735	
547,986 quarter eagles	1,369,965	
Total		$4,135,700
IN SILVER,		
1,000 dollars	$1,000	
6,546,200 half dollars	3,273,100	
472,000 quarter dollars	118,000	
1,190,000 dimes	119,000	
1,900,000 half dimes	95,000	
Total,		3,606,100
IN COPPER,		
2,111,000 cents	21,110	
398,000 half cents	1,990	
Total		23,100
Whole amount coined in 1836		$7,764,900

According to the accounts of the State Treasurer of Louisiana, it appears that the gross receipts for the year 1836 including the balance from last year is $63,394 99 The State Debt is $325,000. The Treasurer recommends the old law licensing gambling houses to be renewed, as the new laws have not suppressed the vice, and leave a deficiency of $100,000 in the revenue accruing from that source.

Honor to the Brave.—By the 47th rule of the U. States Senate, certain privileged persons only are admitted on the floor of that body while in session. By a late resolution proposed by Mr. Rives, and adopted, the privilege referred to has been extended to the Army and Navy officers who have received medals for their gallant conduct and services during the late war with Great Britain. The following is a list of the officers thus highly complimented, with the grade they held when the medals were granted by Congress:

ARMY—Generals Andrew Jackson, Edmund P. Gaines, William H Harrison, Alexander Macomb, Winfield Scott, Miller, Ripley; Cols. George Croghan, Richard M. Johnson, Ensign E. Shipp.

NAVY—Captains Isaac Hull, David Porter, Jacob Jones, James Biddle, Charles Stewart, Daniel T. Patterson, Lewis Warrington, Charles G. Ridgeley.

Lieutenants Charles Morris, Alexander S. Wadsworth, George C. Read, Jesse D Elliot, Charles W. Morgan, John B Nicholson, Daniel Turner, Edward R.M'Call, David Conner, John T. Newton, Isaac Mayo, Stephen Cassin, Joseph Smith, Philip F. Voorhees, Henry E Ballard, Wm. B. Shubrick, Wm M. Hunter, E.A.F. Valette, John Gallagher, Thos A Stevens, Alex. Claxton.

Pursers Samuel Hambleton, William Zantzinger, Thomas J. Clew.

Surgeons Thomas Harris, Bailey Washington, Robert R Barton, Charles B. Hamilton, John A Kearney.

Chaplain, Thomas Breeze.

Marine Corps—Captain Archibald Henderson.

Lieutenants Wm. H. Freeman, John Contee.

Pirates Again.—Capt. Chandler, of the schooner Harriet, arrived Wednesday from Aux D'Haisault. (Hayti,) states that it was reported when he sailed, and generally believed, that two piratical sloops, belonging to the island—one of them commanded by a negro, and the other by a very high mulatto, and both filled with blacks—were cruising on the coast, and that they had captured several American vessels, and murdered their crews. A number of vessels which were due, had not arrived when the Harriet sailed. [Gazette.

From Florida.—We are indebted to the Charleston papers for an extra from the Jacksonville (Flor.) Courier office of Jan. 18, containing late intelligence from Florida.

A gentleman who arrived in Jacksonville, on the 17th inst. states that on his way from Fort Drane, he met an express from Gen. Jessup, bearing orders for all the wagons at Black Creek to be sent with provision to Fort Drane. The express left the army under Gen. Jessup, not far from Dade's battle ground, on the march from Tampa to Fort Drane, where the army has arrived before this.

The hostile Indians had not been fallen in with by the army.

Among the negroes taken, is *Primus*, who belonged to the unfortunate Rogers, killed last winter at the same time with Gen. Thompson. Valuable information respecting the location of the hostiles will it is quite probable, be drawn from the negro prisoners. The next move of Gen. Jessup will, of course, we should think, be upon that point where he shall be informed the Indians are collected—perhaps their last strong hold.

In addition to the above the Charleston Mercury learns from a passenger that Capt. Gardner arrived at Jacksonville on the 18th inst. from Tallahassee, who stated that the Indians had killed a Mr. *Jesse* Bandy, and wounded a Mr. Lastrunk, residing about twenty miles from Suwanee Spring, and had also fired into the house of a Mr. Wells without doing any damage. [Balt. Chronicle.

Common Schools in New York.—We gather the following facts from the Annual Report of the Superintendant:—

Under the existing laws regulating the common schools, no district can receive any portion of the school monies, unless a school has been kept in it three months, during the preceeding year, by a teacher holding a certificate of qualification from the inspectors of common schools of the town.

During the year ending the 30th September, 1836, the receipts into the treasury, on account of the revenue of the common school fund, amounted to $118,486 67. This sum, with a balance of revenue on hand, on the 30th September, 1835, amounts to $140,190 98, which after providing for a distribution to the common schools on the 1st of February next, of $110,000, will leave on hand, in addition to such sums as may be received meantime, on account of the revenue, a balance of $30.190 88.

The sum to be apportioned to the common schools, from the school fund, the present year, is $110,000. To this sum add the same amount required to be raised by taxation, and the distribution will be equal, as has been already stated, to 30 cents a scholar In an equal sum, ($110,000) were to be added, from the income of the monies to be received from the general government, without requiring an additional amount, to be levied by taxation in the several towns and cities, the distribution would be equal to about 60 cents per scholar. making allowance for the increased number of children attending the schools from year to year. If, in making this addition to the amount of public money to be distributed, the schools were required to be kept six months per annum, by a qualified teacher, in order to entitle the districts to participate in the distribution, the effects could hardly be otherwise than beneficial, nor would such a requirement often be burdensome.

The following remark of the Superintendant, is worthy of particlar observation:

The number of children actually instructed in 1835, was less by several thousands, that the number instructed in 1834. By a careful examination of the reports of Commissioners of Common Schools, the diminution appears in some counties, to be nearly uniform in most of the towns; and it cannot be otherwise accounted for, than by the prevalence, during the year 1835, of an absorbing attention in a considerable portion of the community, to their pecuniary interests instead of education. School districts are usually formed with a number of families, no more than sufficient to maintain respectable schools; and the loss of a few of their ordinary patrons, often exerts a sensible influence upon them.—Strong excitements in the community, especially when continued for a length of time are in their nature, unfriendly to the cause of education; and of such excitements, none is perhaps so much so, as that which is characteristic of periods, when fortunes are made without trouble, and by the mere chances of speculation. That this cause has had its influence in particular sections of the state, can hardly be doubted, on an inspection of the reports from the towns. In the town of Flushing, where the possession of an ordinary farm, has, during the last few years, been considered equivalent to the possession of a splendid estate, the average period during which the common schools were kept open, fell down in a single year, from ten months to six.

Surplus Revenue.—The Treasurer of this State has received drafts from the Secretary of the Treasury, on the Deposite Banks, $1,300,000, being one-fourth of the amount due to this State as its portion of the surplus revenue. The other payments are, we believe, to be made quarterly.

NEW-YORK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Novel Reading" (G.) is declined—not because the author's ideas on the subject differ materially from our own—not because he estimates too highly the importance of studying the classics in the original—but because the style is too dry and labored for the columns of a newspaper. The use of the first person plural by a contributor we regard in itself exceptionable.

"Chivalry" (F. R.) will probably appear. "Stanzas" (J. H. W.) do.

"Excerpts from my Common-place Book," are filed for insertion.

☞ The author of "Cincinnati and Mob Rule" is assured that his regard for the unrestricted right of Free Discussion can hardly be more fervid than our own—but we could not publish his strictures without exposing ourselves to misapprehension and prejudice which we are constrained to avoid. His serious reflections on individuals would of themselves constitute an insuperable objection.—The accompanying stanzas will appear.

"*Henrietta Temple*," a new novel from the pen of D'Israeli the Younger, reaches us just as our form is preparing for the press. Our comments must be reserved for our next. It is styled a love-story, wherefore the young ladies will read it: it is by the author of 'Vivian Grey'—of course, sentimental reprobates and lads of spirit will read it: it is undoubtedly clever and especially brilliant in style—therefore men of intellect may read it. On the whole, it will be pretty extensively perused before we have a chance to speak of its merits. (It is from the press of Carey and Hart, and to them we are probably indebted for a copy. C. Shepard and Wiley & Long doubtless have it for sale.)

"*Sketches of the Life and Character of Rev. Lemuel Haynes, by Timothy Mather Cooley, D. D.*"—Mr. Haynes was a clergyman of color, of eccentric but decided talent, and of practical usefulness. His aptness at witty remark and cutting repartee, are widely known. He was for many years Pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Rutland, Vt. and afterwards of one in Granville, N. Y. until his death, and generally esteemed in his calling. His biography must interest the religious and may amuse the general reader. (Harpers.)

"*A Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England, in the Summer of* 1835, *by Sir George Head, author of 'Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America.*'"—This is a well written book, affording information rather than entertainment. The lateness of its reception precludes a more considerable notice. (Harpers.)

"*American Monthly Magazine*."—We do not like the February No. of this work at all. The best thing in it is the opening paper, 'Vanderlyn,' which has 'To be continued,' where the end should be. The only attempt at humor, 'Married by Mistake,' is an outrage on probability, and most lugubrious in its unceasing attempts at wit. There are some very passable notes of a female traveller in Mexico. The old affecting story of Llewellyn and his Dog is just respectably versified; and a bad MS. Play is judiciously reviewed without making it a good one. The Critical Notices are well done, of course; but they do not redeem the barrenness of the preceding pages. A recent and severe bereavement has doubtless distracted the attention of the New-York editor, and he has neither coadjutor nor contributors who can at all supply his place.

"*Episcopal Church Music Society.*"—A Sacred Concert in aid of the Education and Missionary Fund of the Protestant Episcopal Church was given at St. John's Church on Thursday evening. The performances were of the most gratifying character, and were numerously attended. We believe this society has done much to advance the cause of Sacred Music in this city, and its spirited and persevering exertions to that end deserve the active and substantial encouragement of the affluent and liberal. Non-performing members pay an initiation fee of $5 and a like sum annually, and are entitled to attend the weekly rehearsals and the concerts of the Society.—There should be many of this class, especially of the adherents of the venerable and widely popular Church to which it is attached.

London Toy Books.—C. Shepard, 189 Broadway, has received an assortment of Children's books from London (Marks's edition) with colored embellishments. 'John Gilpin,' 'Goody Two-Shoes,' 'The House that Jack Built,' &c. are among the old favorites of juvenile readers, while 'A Visit to the Zoological Gardens,' 'Adventures of Paul Pry,' 'New London Cries,' and 'The Butterfly's Ball,' &c. seem equally calculated to win their good graces on acquaintance.

"*The Radii*," is the title of a new paper just commenced at Canajoharie, Montgomery county, by Levi S. Backus, a *deaf and dumb* man. Nothing like this was ever heard of before. His editorials are sententious and sensible, his selections judicious, and his journal every way respectable. If he be a fair specimen of deaf and dumb editors, we recommend a protective duty on that class of domestic products; at any rate, we recommend him to the protection and richly deserved favor of the public.

Washington Irving defends himself in the last Plaindealer against a previous and severe attack from the Editor of that journal. The charges preferred against him imply a want of manliness, patriotism and a disposition to truckle to English prejudices for the sake of patronage and consideration. The specifications are, first that he has published his works with one Preface in London and a very different one in Philadelphia; secondly, that in editing an English edition of Mr. Bryant's Poems he took the liberty of altering the line—

'The *British* foeman trembles'—

in the 'Song of Marion's Men.' Mr. Irving defends himself triumphantly from the former aspersion, and satisfactorily from the latter; though we think he erred in judgement in altering the line aforesaid, whatever the objection to it. His defence is a model for gentlemanly replication and forcible though courteous retort.

Rents.—They do say that our New-York landlords propose to add ten, fifteen or twenty per cent. to the exorbitant demands heretofore subnitted to by tenants. The fact would seem incredible but for the numerous precedents in favor of its truth. Some assert that dwellings only are to be thus taxed, leaving stores and offices at the last year's rates; but our landlords only ask a trifling increase of $100 per annum on the rent of our publication office. ('John,' said an English landlord to his impoverished tenant, 'I believe I must raise your rent.' 'I am very much obliged to you,' was the reply; 'for I find it impossible to raise it myself.')

There is one remedy which in our view can alone reach the source of this intolerable oppression. Let a railroad be constructed through each of the great thoroughfares of this city, from the Exchange, the Park, and the Battery, to Harlaem. In two years, a citizen might live three miles from the business quarter of the city with as little inconvenience as one mile at present. This would allow our population to diffuse itself over three times the area now covered by dwellings, and would at once put a stop to the increase of rents, and probably reduce them. We must come to this, or the landlords will engross the entire proceeds of industry and enterprise among us. Why not commence now!

Common Council.—Wednesday evening was the regular time for joint ballot of the two Boards of Aldermen—but no organization was effected. The Tammany men, being now in the minority, had a shrewd suspicion that the Whigs intended to make some 'Reforms,' as the phrase is, among the incumbents of the city offices; so their Members of the Board of Assistants kept out of the way, and the Whigs could not form a quorum. 'Hope deferred,' &c.

Banks in New-Jersey.—Every other village in New-Jersey seems bent on having a Bank, and those which have three or four are striving for more. Banks ought to be a fine thing at this rate. Several bills have passed the Assembly by a close vote, (a majority of the whole House—26—being requisite,) but their full success is still doubtful. Among these are the Bank of New-Jersey at Newark—cap. $1,000,000—and the Plainfield Bank, $100,000. Somerville, Medford, Camden, and other villages, are also suppliants for charters.

Charleston and Cincinnati Railroad.—This work, we trust, will be commenced with energy in the course of the ensuing summer. A recent election of officers has resulted in the choice of Hon. Robert Y. Hayne, President of the Company, and James Hamilton, Chas. Edmonston, Mitchel King, B. F. Elmore, Abraham Blanding, John C Calhoun, John W. Simpson, and Robert G. Mills, Directors.

An Abolition State Convention assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., on Monday. We understand it is thinly attended.—An Abolition Society has been formed in Upper Canada, but the Canadian press generally opposes the movement.

The Delaware River is now open from Philadelphia to the ocean, and vessels arrive and depart regularly. During the cold weather, the width of the Delaware was measured opposite Chesnut-st., Philadelphia, and found to be 22 rods less than three-fourths of a mile.

Harry White, convicted of participation in the burning of the Treasury Office at Washington, has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment. In the case of Richard H. White, wherein the jury found that the prisoner committed the crime but was exempted from punishment by the statute of limitations, the Court has set aside the verdict, and ordered a new trial.

Rail Road Accident.—A woman was most unfortunately killed on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road on Friday evening last. She was seen by the engineer of a train of cars walking on the Road a short distance in advance, but being on the other track, no danger was apprehended.—As the train neared her, however, she appears to have been frightened, and crossed hastily to the track directly in front of the cars when it was too late to stop them.

Suffering in Illinois.—We take the following picture of intense suffering at Vandalia, (Ill.) from a letter of Jan. 3d. by a Philadelphian to the U. S. Gazette, which paper remarks that the resort to the carcase of a newly killed animal for warmth, through not without precedent, is certainly a strange mode of acquiring animal heat.

"I left Vincennes on 22d, crossing the Wabash in a skiff Fox Bottom two miles, Little Wabash three miles, &c.—partly on ice and in canoes, &c. and by ox teams &c. sleeping in hovels, &c. I arrived here last evening, and such scenes of distress and suffering as I have witnessed between Vincennes and this place, I never before witnessed in any country or climate. Even in the Canadas I never experienced such cold weather. On the prairies there is no snow, but the wind is freezing beyond description.—Many of the inhabitants are cut off from their wood, and and mills, by ice and high water &c. I have seen men, women and children with their ears, fingers, &c. frozen, and many with their feet so as to make them cripples for life; one old lady who had her feet so frosted as to have the flesh cleave from the bones. And on the night of the 22d, there were two men attempting to cross the large prairie near the Kaskaskia river, on horses, and losing their path, (and as they term it here, getting out of sight of land) and after getting discouraged and nearly frozen, and seeing no chance of getting out of the prairie until light, they concluded the only chance they had, was to kill their horses, and take out their entrails and take lodgings in their carcasses while warm, &c. They killed and prepared one of the horses, while so doing they lost the only knife they had, consequently they both had to make the best of the poor animal slain, the other tied to his foot the both using the warmth of the horse to the best advantage; before morning one of them became lifeless, the other having a better chance, when light he was barely able to get on the nearly lifeless animal, which conveyed him to a settlement, where he is yet alive though badly frosted. I have not time nor paper to tell you all the sufferings I have witnessed, and heard of near me in this section, &c. There is an epidemic prevailing here to a considerable extent, which has been fatal in almost every case, called the cold plague—several members of the legislature have died with it within a few days. If there is no change in the weather soon, what will the sufferings of the poor in this country be, who are barely covered from the storms, &c., the cold wind whistling between every log of their contented and apparently happy cabins.

The Red River Raft.—The amount expended thus far upon this work, under the direction of Capt. Shreeve, is stated to have been about $157,338. There have been removed one hundred and fifty-one miles of the raft, and there now remains only a distance of nine miles to complete the work, (with the aid of a steamer to pass up and down for some years to prevent re-accumulation,) the course of the noble river, through the means of which a fine country will become accessible to steamboats of two hundred tons' burthen. The superintendent proposes, in conjunction with the removal of the raft, to cut a canal of 160 yards through a point of land, by which the river navigation will be shortened seven miles and the removal of the impediment much facilitated. The removal of the raft will extend the navigation for steamboats from its lower end to Fort Towson, a distance of 720 miles. When the location of the raft and the nature of the climate are considered, preventing the men from working during the warm months, as they must be constantly in the water and surrounded by decayed vegetable matter, the progress made is highly honorable to those engaged in it. The superintendent states that the work will be finished in April next. [Baltimore American.

Florida, once more.—A letter from an officer of the Army, dated Camp Dade, 10th January, 1837, states—"Today Gen. Jesup arrived from Tampa Bay. A scouting party captured fifteen negroes near Wahoo Swamp, who state that Osceola was then in the swamp with a few of the Micasuky Indians, the rest having left him. That in the several actions of Governor Call, a great number of Indians were killed. That in the affair when the whites destroyed a boat in the Withlacooche, the 17th January, ten hostiles were killed, and twenty wounded. That Jumper, Micanopy, and Abram, were at A-ha-pop-ka, and were willing to make terms if they were treated well. That the Indians have but a small quantity of ammunition left. The letter goes on to state, to-morrow we shall march against Osceola, or against Philip, at Top-ka-li-ka, or both, and that circumstances indicate an early termination of the war. [New Era.

Mississippi Legislature.—A. G. Mc Natt of Warren county, has been elected President of the Senate, and Col. Irvin of Carroll, Speaker of the House. The Message of Gov. Lynch was transmitted on the third inst. He recommends that the state's portion of the surplus be applied to works of internal improvement. The present pecuniary difficulties of the planters he ascribes mainly to the Treasury Circular.

On the 9th inst. the Senate had under consideration the *Nashville Rail Road* bill, and, on motion, it was indefinitely postponed.

From the Southwest.—A letter from Fort Jesup, La. dated the 20th December, to the editors of the National Intelligencer, says—

"The sixth regiment of infantry left this place yesterday for Florida, by order.

"The United States troops lately stationed at Nacogdoches (Texas) are on their way to Fort Gibson, by order from general head-quarters.

"Every thing is quiet, *as usual*, on this frontier.

"*P.S.*—Will you be good enough to mention to your many readers that there is no mail to Texas from this place! The post-office here is overloaded with letters and papers for Texas, and a fourth of them are never taken out. The proper way to send them is by ship to Texas."

The Cherokee Delegation, sent lately by that tribe to examine the country set apart for them west of the Mississippi, have returned, extremely dissatisfied with the land allotted to them, as well as with the Treaty last negotiated, for their removal. They allege that the country is unfitted to their habits and extremely unhealthy, and represent that if forced to remove, a more Southern tract ought to be provided, or they will soon become extinct as a tribe—They were to proceed to Washington, forthwith, with these reports. [Sun.

Something quite new.—Immense Height of the Rocky Mountains.—Prof. Renwick of Columbia College, this city, in a letter published in Mr. Irving's Astoria, gives it as his belief, founded on barometric and trigonometric experiments of Mr. Thomson, a surveyor of the N. W. Fur Company, that one of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains has an *altitude* of 25,000 feet, which is nearly equal to the Himalya of Asia, the highest range in the world. There are said to be several others in the vicinity of nearly the same altitude, and the Vicksburg Sentinel states that Mount St. Elias, which has hitherto been deemed the highest of the Rocky Mountains, is computed at 18,000 feet. We must be permitted to doubt these estimates, till we have more corroborative evidence—an idea of this immense elevation never having been suggested before by any of the numerous voyagers, trappers, hunters, &c. who have scaled these mountains. If it turn out true, North America may then boast of the longest rivers, the greatest cataract, the most extensive prairies and inland seas, as well as the highest mountains probably on the globe.

[New York Star.

Shocking Murders at Red Bank, N. J.—A gentleman with whom we are acquainted returned last evening from the scene of the horrible tragedy we are about to record. A man of some property, named John Taylor, residing at Red Bank, and who, it is said, has been subject to fits of insanity for several years, became most ferociously deranged on Saturday last, but it was not deemed advisable to secure him. During the evening, however, he attacked his aged mother, (who lived in his house,) with a pair of tongs, and beat her brains out on the hearth. His hired man being present, and endeavoring to save the life of the old lady, Taylor next made towards him, and, seizing a butcher-knife from off the table, overcame the man, and cut his throat from ear to ear! He then returned to the body of his murdered mother, which he threw upon the fire, and soon after fired the building, which, before assistance arrived, was enveloped in flames. We had but a moment's conversation with our informant, and did not learn whether the murderer has been arrested, or whether he has a family. His dwelling was entirely consumed, with its contents. [Sun.

Fatal Accident.—We learn from the York (Pa.) Republican of Wednesday that an accident of a distressing and fatal character occurred on the proposed line of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road, about seven miles from that borough, one day last week. It appears that while four men were engaged in undermining a bank of earth on the line of the road, the bank suddenly gave way, and descending upon the workmen, buried three of them beneath it. Two of the men were killed on the spot, and the third had both legs broken and was otherwise so much injured, as to survive the accident but a day or two. The fourth was but slightly injured. The names of the parties are not mentioned in that paper—which remarks that accidents of this kind are becoming too frequent on Rail Roads now in progress, in various parts of the country, and call for greater caution, or a different mode of working, to prevent the destruction of human life.

The same paper mentions that Mr. John M'Elroy, a contractor on the Wrightsville and York Rail Road, was found dead in his chamber, at the dwelling of Mr. Simon Minich, near York, on the morning of the 23d inst. He had retired to bed the evening before in apparent good health.

New York State Militia.—From the annual report of the Adjutant General, it appears that the Militia force of this State amounts to 193,601 men, viz: Horse Artillery, 1,153; Cavalry, 7,019; Artillery, 10,851; Infantry, 172,126; Artillery &c. attached permanently or for inspection to the different brigades of infantry, 2,421.

Interesting Facts related by the Rev. B. C. Smith, chaplain of the Auburn Prison:—From an examination of 975 convicts, it appears that 4 had been educated at college, 11 had an academical education, 260 could read, write, and cypher, 218 could read and write, 219 could read, and 262 could not read.

Of 975 persons examined, 736 were intemperate, 219 were temperate drinkers, and 20 were total abstinents from the use of alcohol. *Five hundred and eighty-nine*, out of 975, committed the deeds that consigned them to the walls of a prison, under the influence of a strong drink.

Out of 2,183 persons discharged since the establishment of the prison, 152 have been re-convicted, or about one out of fourteen. Since the adoption of the new system in 1824, the discharges have been 1,735, the re-convictions 103, or one out of seventeen.

The Expunging Pen.—A little anecdote is related at Washington, which is worth recording. The night the expunging resolution was carried into effect in the Senate, Mr. Benton, the persevering mover of that measure, sent to the President the pen used by the clerk of the Senate, in drawing around and across the black lines, and writing the words expunged by order of the Senate. It was a new pen that had never been used for any other purpose. The President received it with much pleasure, and informed Mr. B. that he should preserve it while he lived, and at his death bequeath it to Mr. Benton as a mark of his regard.

[Boston Advocate.

Dreadful Accident at St. Ann's Bay.—Jamaica papers to the 14th ult. received by the Star, bring information that a few days previous, a party of ladies and gentlemen at St Ann's Bay, to the number of seventeen, went out on an aquatic excursion, and that a squall of wind capsized the boat and precipitated the party into the sea. By this accident, seven met with a watery grave, viz: four daughters of the Rev. George W. Bridges, Mrs. Cocking, the wife of Mr. Special Justice Cocking, and Lieut. Mallison, of the 56th regiment, and a servant.

The new Californian Republic.—The New-Orleans Standard has the following curious paragraph.

Not long since, twelve families from the United States setteld near Point St. Luces on the gulf of California. They built a town, erected a corporate government, declared their independence, elected a president, and bid defiance to the Mexican government. Among them (says Colonel Bronnell, who gives the account in the Natches Herald) were two or three wealthy merchants who had extensive pearl fisheries, and were driving a brisk trade with China and India. They introduced large quantites of goods, and supplied the whole western coast in defiance of all the Mexican authorities. They are now in a very prosperous condition, and will soon have control of the whole country about the gulf of California.

Fires.—The Good Intent Factory at Blackwoodtown, N. J. was destroyed by fire on Friday evening last. The conflagration resulted from the bursting of a chimney flue, while the workmen (one hundred of whom are unemployed in consequence of the accident) were at supper. The estimate of loss amounts to nearly one hundred thousand dollars, of which twenty-five thousand was insured.

The Good Intent Woollen Manufactory, near Blackwoodtown, New Jersey, belonging to Mr. G. Newkirk, of Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire on Friday evening last. Loss supposed to be about $35,000; the insurance on which was $25,000.

Fire at Dedham.—This morning at ten minutes past 2 o'clock, a fire broke out in the southwest corner of the Boston and Dedham car house, which was wholly destroyed, together with fifty cords of wood, one engine and tender, valued at 6 or $7,000—two passengers cars, valued at $300 each—carhouse valued at $2,000—and one dog, $5. Loss estimated at from 12 to $15,000.

[Boston Transcript.

Fire in Natchez.—The office of the Courier and Journal, at Natchez, Miss., was entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 13th inst. The establishment was owned by S. H. B. Black, Esq. The house was insured by the Natchez Insurance Co. for $4,000, but no insurance was effected on the printing materials, which were new. It is not known how the fire originated.

Great Fire at Brockport.—A fire broke out on Sunday the 22d inst. about noon, in the store adjoining the American Hotel on Main street. Aided by a strong northwest wind, it raged with great fury, sweeping away nearly all the buildings to the southeast, to the street running east and west, on which stands the Baptist chapel, which was also burnt. The loss is immense.

Texas.—Brigadier General Felix Houston is commanding the army in the field, at present encamped near Bexar. The Commander in-chief, General Houston, has been down and reviewed the troops, and has issued his proclamation to the militia to be ready at a moment's warning; and is making arrangements in the Commissariat Department and other preparations for the battle field. Already the advance piquets have been sent out, and the spies are on the alert. [New Era.

A Gentle Pass.—In the course of Mr. Bayly's remarks yesterday in the House of Delegates, he was called to order by the Chair, on the ground that he was introducing irrelevant matter. Mr. B. was about to appeal from the judgement of the Chair—when

Mr. Shinn said, "Let him go on, Mr. Speaker—give him rope enough, and he'll soon hang himself."

Mr. Bayly replied, "Well, if I do, Mr. Speaker, I shall do that for myself which some gentlemen ought to have done for them, if they had their deserts."

Mr. B. then declined the appeal, and proceeded with his argument. [Richmond Whig.

[Mr. Shinn is reported to be largely implicated in the forgery of Pension certificates.]

Texian Finances.—The Philadelphia Inquirer of Saturday states that a gentleman, recently from New Orleans, declared on Friday to a merchant of Philadelphia that he was in a well-known great commercial house in N. Orleans, at the time a draft was presented by a respectable looking man in the military undress of an officer. The applicant inquired of the chief of the firm—whether the draft was good? The merchant replied in the affirmative, and accepted it accordingly. After the military gentleman had gone out, the accepted told the informant of the Inquirer that it was a *draft from General Santa Ana in favor of Texas—for five hundred thousand dollars!* [Doubtful.]

Population of Texas.—The population of Texas, as given by H. M. Morfit, in his correspondence with the Secretary of State is 50,000; of which 30,000 are Anglo-Americans from the United States, 3,500 native Mexicans of Spanish descent, 12,000 Indians, and 5,000 negroes.—The additional territory claimed since the declaration of independence will increase the population to 65,000.—Exclusive of the army of 2,200, there are 5,000 able-bodied farmers, which, in an emergency, would furnish 3,000 of their number.

From Chili and Peru.—Letters from Buenos Ayres to Nov. 4, received in Boston, state that information reached there from Chili, that hostilities had actually commenced between Peru and Chili, and had been officially communicated by the British minister to the merchants at Buenos Ayres.

A letter from Payta stated that the Chilian brig of war Achilles has been into the harbor of Callao, and captured three or four Peruvian vessels.

Statistics.—Of the present House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, (comprising 100 members,) there are said to be 48 farmers, 14 lawyers, 10 merchants, 4 cabinet makers, 2 physician, 2 gentlemen, 2 carpenters, 2 hatters, 2 millwrights, 2 printers, 1 tanner, 1 miller, 1 grocer, 1 artist, 1 blacksmith, 1 accountant, 1 shoemaker, 1 innkeeper, 1 engineer, 1 surveyor, 1 geological surveyor, 1 silver plater. Of these, 91 were born in Pennsylvania, 3 in New-Jersey, 1 in Vermont, 1 in Rhode Island, 1 in Ohio, 1 in Virginia, and 1 in Connecticut.

Green Tea.—The London Quarterly Review states that the very prevalent preference for green tea (so called) in the United States has given rise to an extensive fraud upon the community of this country by the Canton merchants, in the supply of our markets by the worst kinds of *coarse bohea* converted into 'green' by a composition of turmeric, indigo, and *white lead*. The writer says he saw 50,000 chests of this spurious article ready for shipment, which he was told was for the American market; and that two thirds of the tea annually used in America is of the same quality.

Most Horrible!—We have received information from a credible source, that a Mrs. Moffit, wife of Calvin Moffit, of Bethel, in this county, beat with rods her only child, a little girl five years old, to such a degree as to cause her death in about twelve hours. It appears that the inhuman mother was hearing the child read, and because she did not pronounce the word *decay* properly, the rod was resorted to. On a post mortem examination the whole body was found beaten to a jelly. The more than savage mother is under bonds of *one thousand dollars* to appear and answer to the laws for the offence.

[Woodstock (Vt.) Courier.

Santa Ana in danger.—A letter to the editor of the Cincinnati Republican, dated at La Baca Quarters, says:—"An express has just arrived from Col. Segin, of cavalry, now in the West, bringing intelligence that the Mexicans are in our country with a larger force than Bustamente. The number is not known, but presumed to be fifteen or twenty thousand. It is said that Bravo has returned to Vera Cruz, and that it is the intention to execute Santa Ana on his return to Mexico."

Shipwrecks.—By the bark Virginia, which sailed from Cronstadt on the 12th and Elsineur on the 25th November, we learn that the ship Milo, of Boston, was wrecked on the North-east side of Gothland, on the 31st of October, and also that the brig Charlotte, of Boston, was stranded on the East side of Gothland on the 25th of October. The Virginia also brings the news of the loss of the Boston brig Caribean, which was wrecked on the coast of Sweden upon the 12th of November.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.—We have received an extra from the St. Augustine Herald, of the 30th inst., through the Charleston slips of the 24th.

Gen. Jesup had arrived at Camp Dade on the 10th from Tampa Bay. A letter from an officer of the Army states that on the 11th, it was intended to march against Powell or Philip at Top-ka-li-ka or both, and that circumstances indicate an early termination of the war. The letter adds that the negroes who were taken prisoners in a recent sortie, report that Powell was in the Wahoo Swamp, with a few of the Micasuky Indians, the rest having left him. That in the several actions of Gov. Call, a great number of Indians were killed, and that in the affair when the whites destroyed a boat in the Withlacoochee, 17th January, 10 hostiles were killed and 20 wounded. Jumper, Micanopy and Abram, are said to be at A-ha-pop-ka, and were willing to make terms, if they were treated well, and that they have but a small quantity of ammunition left.

An express arrived last night, to Col. Crane, from which we learn that Gen. Jesup had ordered home the Georgia and Alabama Militia. There was a regular force sufficient for the field.

It is reported that the mail rider between this and Tallahassee has been killed by the Indians.

Col. Crane has been ordered to Garey's Ferry, where he will have his head quarters.

A letter from Tampa Bay, under date of Jan. 4, states that Commodore J. Dallas, with the seamen under his command, intends taking the field. Fort Drane is garrisoned by seamen from the navy, under the command of Lieutenant Leib; and cantonment Brook, by seamen, under Lieut. Adams of the United States ship Concord.

All the West Indian squadron is ordered to rendezvous at Tampa Bay. The vessels will be left at anchor, with barely sufficient men to take care of them, while the balance will take the field.

All the forts in the interior are well stocked with provisions, against the event of the troops being compelled to fall back upon them.

Commodore Dallas is constructing a number of boats of an easy draught with which the seamen can enter the everglades. They are constructed to carry 40 men well armed.

[Baltimore Chronicle.

Shocking.—We are informed, (says the Providence Morning Courier,) that on Friday the 20th, a black man, named Browning, left this city for his residence near Wickford. Upon arrival he exibited symptoms of insanity so much as to alarm his wife, who in consequence, sent a person for a neighboring black man, named Cato, to come to her assistance, who immediately repaired to the house of the insane man. As he entered the door, Browning seized and threw him down, and with a stone pounded the head of Cato in such a manner as to cause his immediate death. Browning was then taken into custody by the sheriff, and committed to jail, at South Kingstown.

Steam Boat Burnt.—The steamboat *Iowa*, on her way from Columbus to Mobile, was consumed by fire on the 17th inst., while lying at Fairfield. No lives lost. The cargo, consisting of 330 bales of cotton, and all the stores of the boat, and most of the clothing of the crew and passengers destroyed. The boat a total loss.

LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—As the severe weather was by this time over, and I had seen the thermometer on the 17th of January 102° below the freezing point, had slept in an atmosphere of 82° below, "under the canopy of heaven," with a single blanket for a covering, and had had some experience in snow-shoe walking, I may be allowed to make a few remarks upon the intencity of cold in the inhospitable regions of the North, as they are termed. During a calm, whether the thermometer stood at 70° or 7° minus zero, was to me in sensation the same; and although I have experienced a difference in temperature of 80° from cold to heat, and vice versa, in the course of twenty four hours, still its change was not sufficiently oppressive to put a stop to my usual avocations. I have been shooting grouse at every change of the thermometer, from the highest to the lowest point, wearing the very same clothing as in England on a summer's day—a fur cap, moccasins, and mittens excepted, instead of a hat, tanned leather shoes or boots, and kid gloves. Merely a cotton shirt was sufficient to protect my breast from the most intense cold that has ever been registered; and notwithstanding my waistcoats were made double breasted, I never felt sufficiently cold to be under the necessity of buttoning them; neither flannel nor leather was worn by me in any way. It must be understood, however, that I am only speaking of the temperature during a calm, or when the atmosphere is but slightly in motion. The lowest descent of the thermometer would not prevent my making an excursion of pleasure; but a higher temperature by 40°, accompanying a stiff breeze, would confine me to the house: the sensation of cold, as I have said before, depends much more on the force of the wind than upon the state of the thermometer. Such endurance may appear incredible to those persons who have read each ponderous quarto as it issued forth, fearful in aspect as in subject; and it is no wonder. I was astonished at myself, while sporting in a country always portrayed as unfit either for man or beast; but, what was my astonishment, when, hopping before me from bough to bough, the lesser redpole caught my sight—the little bird that so frequently adorns, in England, the cottager's room! If so small a creature can find the climates of England and Great Slave Lake equally congenial to its constitution, surely man may exist there. A sudden transition from heat to cold produced cramps—a fact well worthy the notice of those persons who are subject to that painful disease: for an extra blanket or two, and a trusty thermometer to indicate when to put them on and pull them off, may save much excruciating pain and many restless nights. * * *

On the 16th, by following the track of the men, I reached their encampment between ten and eleven o'clock—an estimated distance of twenty three miles, when we commenced our return. Nothwithstanding the wind was blowingfresh enough to drift the snow, the thermometer at the same time indicating a temperature of 30° below zero, we arrived at the saw-pit at four o'clock in the afternoon. The country was so hilly and broken, that to attempt another trip under two days impossible; for which time the men were not provided. I started, therefore, for the fort; with one man, at six, in order to obtain a fresh supply; where I arrived at half past nine; having accomplished, since five o'clock in the morning, a computed distance of fifty-eight miles. I do not mention this as any thing extraordinary, but merely to show that much greater distances can be made in a cold climate than in a temperate one; for less exertion by three-fourths, in England, has on more than one occasion completely tired me." King's Narrative.

UNDENIABLE REASONS FOR THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—"What in the world could you see in Lord A. to marry him?"

"Why I saw a house in town," said the pretty Marchioness, "a box at the opera, and a lover in perspective!"

A stranger having entered the apartment, where the emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great Emperor—what are you to him?" The Emperor replied "*I shave him!*"

I do not approve of shades in painting," said Queen Elizabeth to Daniel Myers. "You must strike off my likeness without shadows."

N. B.—Her Majesty, when she spoke thus, was near sixty, and the "shadows," as she humanely called them, were wrinkles, big enough to roll Dutch cheeses in.

Our Southern Patrons.—We have made every exertion the past year to send a Collecting Agent on a tour through the Southern States, but with indifferent success. A few of our subscribers may thus have been vexed by the prosecution of bills which they had already paid, but by far the greater number have not been reached at all. Local Agents do little or nothing for us in that region. We therefore appeal to the magnanimity of our patrons, and request them as a favor to send us the sums they severally owe this office by their respective mercantile or other friends, who may visit this city in the course of the coming Spring. We are sure this request will not be refused: may we hope that it will not be forgotten?

☞ Our Agents, general and local, are earnestly requested to transmit us full statements of all collections made by them and not yet accounted for, and other business transactions in our behalf, *immediately*. We wish to commence our new volume with clean books, and must have a general settlement. Those who shall not have attended to this request by the 20th of March will then be stricken from our books, and more energetic measures taken to compel an adjustment of our accounts. A more perfect revision of our List of Agents will be made at that time.

*** We are preparing an extensive list of delinquent subscribers, who have taken our paper for more than one year yet refuse or neglect to pay us, to be published in the last number of the current volume. Having experienced much inconvenience the present winter from their neglect, we have determined to be no longer imposed on, at least by the same persons.

Our subscribers are informed that we receive the notes of any specie-paying Bank in the United States, *of whatever denomination or amount*, in payment for our paper—the Banks of Monroe and Pontiac, Michigan, alone excepted, for the reason that their notes are not purchased in this city at any rate. We believe, however, they are both solvent.

Mr. O. C. CHILDS, formerly Agent for this paper, will please allow us to hear from him immediately, and avoid an unpleasant alternative.

Mr. ADOLPHUS CLAPP, do. do. do.

Messrs. A.G. Rice, G.P.Markes, H.G.Woodhull, and all others who have at any time acted as General Agents for The New-Yorker, and who have not effected a final settlement of their accounts, with this office, will please attend to the matter forthwith.

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

J. Bonnet, dancing master, 118 Bowery and 14th Ward Hotel..$2,00
G. Barthola, 109 Bowery.....3,50
Dr. W. S. Cooper, druggist, 51 Houston street.....5,00

A deduction of ten per cent. will be made upon the above bills, if paid before Feb. 25.

☞ We understand that persons pretending to be police officers are in the habit of threatening the persons engaged in vending the Sunday Morning News with the vengeance of the laws. We need not say that there are no laws which can be brought to bear upon them; but we may express our regret that any persons should attempt to subserve the cause of religion and morality under the cover of falsehood. Besides, the Sunday Morning News is so uniformly correct in moral sentiment as well as gentlemanly in bearing that we trust no friend of the Sabbath would wish to overthrow it to make room for such medleys of profligacy and folly as all its predecessors have been.

The Oneida Bank has offered a reward of Ten Thousand Dollars for the recovery of the money stolen from the vaults of that institution some months since.

Married,

On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Staff, Mr. Dominick Lyons to Mrs. —— Murray.

On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Sneller, Mr. —— Phillips to Mrs. Ann Bramar.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Mr. Berrian, Mr. Robert M'Intyre to Miss Catharine McCauley.

On Wednesday, by Rev. Dr. Berrian, Mr. Alexander Hamilton to Miss Elizabeth M. Decker.

At Westchester, Pa. on the 16th ult. by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. Emanuel Guyer, Editor of the Harrisburgh Chronicle, to Miss Eliza M'Cord.

Died,

On Sunday, Mr. Joseph Rocquet, printer, aged 29 years.

On Monday, Mrs. Catharine Smedes, aged 76 years.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Janet M'Kell, aged 66 years.

On Wednesday, Mr. Patrick Duffy, aged 43 years.

At Greenport, L.I. on the 21st inst. Jeremiah Moore, Esq. Post-Master at that place, aged 57.

At Alton, Ohio, on the 7th ult. Richard M. Treadway, Esq. senior Editor of the Telegraph, aged 33 years.

At Millcreek, Erie Co. Pa. on the 23d ult. Maj. David McNair, one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of Erie county, aged 72 years.

VOL. V. BYRON'S WORKS.

GEORGE DEARBORN 23 Gold-st. has this day published Vol. V. of "The Complete Edition of Lord Byron's Works in six volumes." This volume contains

Werner, or The Inheritance, Heaven and Earth, The Island, or Christian and his Comrades. The Deformed Transformed, Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems. Also a beautiful engraving of the Maid of Saragoza.

Vol. VI. of this edition, will be published in about a month, which will complete the work.

This day published by GEO. DEARBORN,
Jan. 17, 1837. 23 Gold-st.

TO PUBLISHERS OF PERIODICALS.—A person who wishes to travel for the ensuing two or three years, proposes to accept of an agency for a literary or miscellaneous publication—to solicit subscriptions, and collect arrearages, in the middle or Southern sections of the Union. Any publisher entrusting business of this character to the advertiser may rely upon his strict attention. Satisfactory references will be given. Address O. P. Q. Trumansburg, Tompkins Co. N. Y.

Bank Note Table.

NEW-YORK.

All New-York city Banks.....par
Bank of Albany.....¼
Bank of Newburg and branch..par
Bank of Orange County.....¼
Bank of Poughkeepsie.....par
Bank of Schenectady.....¼
Bank of Troy and branch.....¼
Brooklyn Bank.....par
Canal Bank, Albany.....¼
Catskill Bank.....par
City Bank, Troy.....¼
Commercial Bank of Albany.....¼
Dutchess County Bank.....par
Farmers' Bank of Troy.....par
Farmers' Bank of Catskill.....¼
Hudson River Bank, Hudson...par
Lansingburg Bank.....¼
Long Island Bank, Brooklyn...par
Mech. & Farmers' Bk. Albany..¼
Merch. & Mech. Bank, Troy...¼
Mohawk Bank.....¼
New-York State Bank.....par
Syracuse Salt Co.'s Checks.....¼
Saratoga County Bank.....1
Schenectady Bank.....¼
Tanners' Bank, Catskill.....par
Ulster County Bank.....par
Westchester County Bank.....par
All other Banks.....1

MAINE.

Bath Bank.....closed
Cumberland Bank.....do
Kennebunk Bank.....do
Saco Bank.....do
Waterville Bank.....do
Winthrop Bank.....do
All other Banks.....1

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

All Banks in the State.....1

VERMONT.

Bank of Burlington.....par
Bank of St. Albans.....1
Bank of Essex County.....1
All others.....1

MASSACHUSETTS.

Adams Bank.....1
Essex bank of Salem.....closed
All others.....1

RHODE-ISLAND.

Arcade Bank, Providence.....par
Farm. & Mech. bk. Pawtucket..1
All others.....1

CONNECTICUT.

Norwich Bank.....¼
All others.....¼

PENNSYLVANIA.

Bank of the United States....par
Philadelphia Banks.....¼
Richard's Checks, Phila.....closed
Bank of Gettysburg.....1½
Bank of Pittsburg.....1½a2
Erie Bank.....½
Miners' Bank.....¼
Monongahela Bk. Brownsville...3
York Bank.....¼
Westmoreland Greensburg.....—
All others.....½a1

NEW-JERSEY.

Bank of New-Brunswick.....broke
Mechanics' Bk. Paterson.....do
Morris Canal Bank.....par
Salem Banking Company.....1
State Bk. New-Brunswick.....par
Newark City Banks.....par
Princeton Bank.....par
State Bank Newark.....¼
Washington Banking Co....broke
All others in this State.....1a½

DELAWARE.

All Banks in this State.....¼

MARYLAND

Bank of Maryland.....broke
Bank of Caroline, Denton...closed
Bank of Salisbury.....1½
Bank of Baltimore.....¼
Susquehanna Bridge Co....broke
Citizen's Bank, Baltimore.....¼
Cohen's Bank, Baltimore.....¼
Com. & Far. bk. of Md.....¼
Commercial Bank.....¼
Chesapeake Bank.....¼
Easton Bank.....¼
Exchange Bank.....¼
Farmers' and Planters' Bank...¼
Franklin Bank of Baltimore...¼
Hamilton Bank.....¼
Marine Bank of Baltimore.....¼
Mechanics' Bank of Baltimore..¼
Merchants' Bank of Baltimore..¼
Patapsco Bank.....1
Union Bank of Maryland.....par
All others.....1½

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Bank of Alexandria.....stopped
Mechanics' Bk. Alexandria.....1
Bank of the Metropolis.....1
Corp. Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria.....7
All others.....1 1½

VIRGINIA.

All Banks.....3½

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

All Banks.....2½

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

All Banks.....3

GEORGIA.

Merchants & Planters' Bank...7
All others.....7

ALABAMA.

Bank of Mobile.....7
All others.....7

LOUISIANA.

All Banks.....4

MISSISSIPPI.

All Banks.....7

FLORIDA.

Bank of Pensacola.....7
All others.....7

MISSOURI.

All Banks.....nne

INDIANA.

State Bank and Branches.....4

KENTUCKY.

Bank of Louisville.....5
All others.....nne

TENNESSEE.

All Banks.....5

OHIO.

Com. Bank of Lake Erie.....1½
Bank of Cleaveland.....1½
Bank of Massillon.....1½
Bank of Sandusky.....1½
All others.....nne

MICHIGAN.

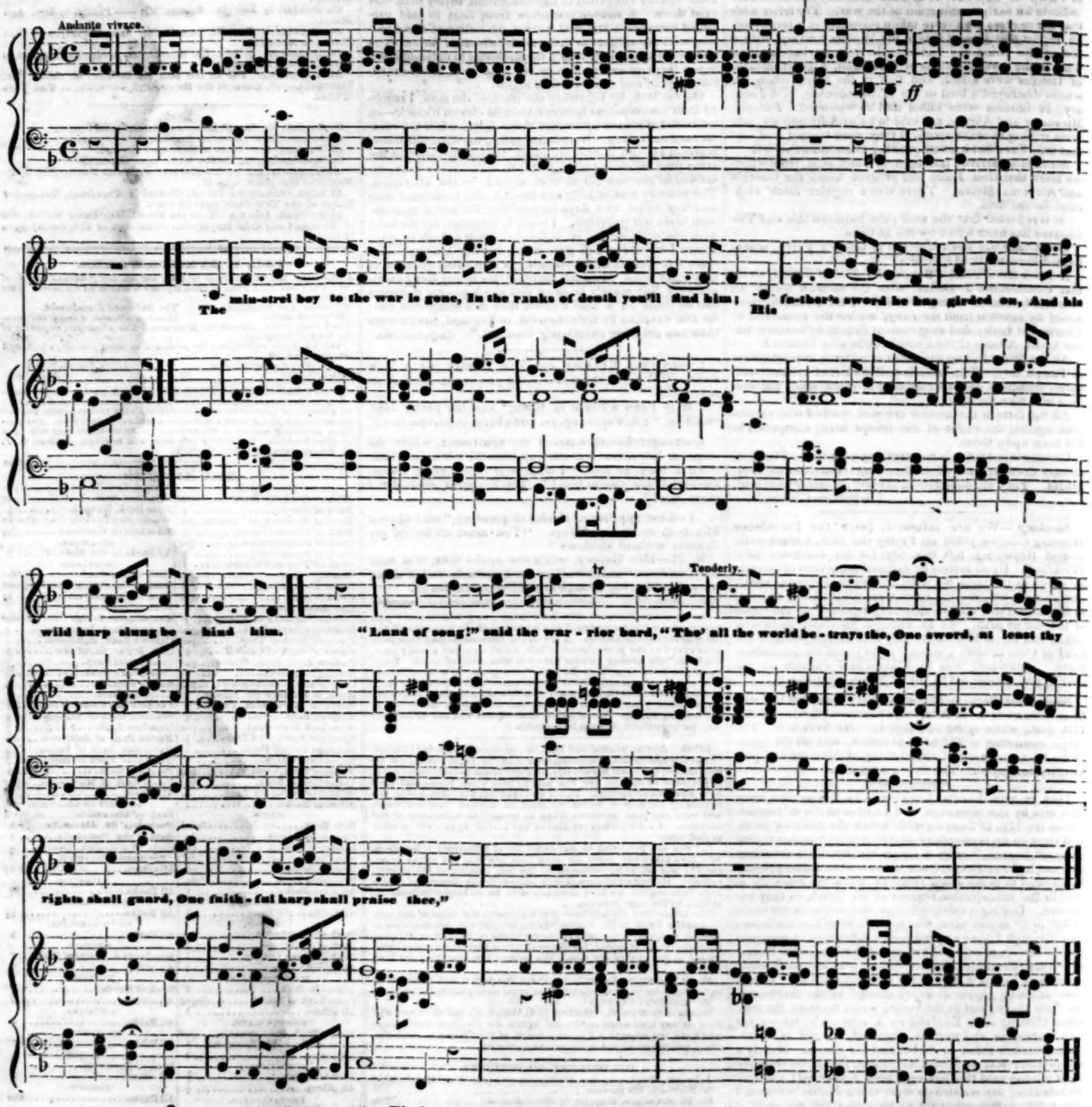
All Michigan Banks.....1½a2

CANADA.

All Canada Banks.....Gal9

THE MINSTREL BOY.

WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE. ARRANGED BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.



2.

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

ODE.—BY THE BOSTON BARD.

When Freedom on the battle storm
Her weary head reclined;
When round her fair, majestic form
The serpent Slavery twined.
Amid the din—above the cloud,
Great Washington appeared:
His daring hand rolled back the shroud,
And thus the Goddess cheered!

"Burst, burst thy chains—be great, be free!
In giants' strength arise;
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty!
Thy flag nail to the skies!
Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe!
Let stars thy banner gem;
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe!
Wear victory's diadem!

Tell, tell the world a world is born!
Another orb gives light;
Another sun illumes the morn,
Another star the night!
Be just—be brave—and let thy name,
Henceforth COLUMBIA be;
Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame,
The wreath of Liberty."

He said—and lo! the stars of night,
Forth to her banner flew,
And morn with pencil dipt in light,
Its blushes on it drew;
Columbia's hero seized the prize,
By angel hands unfurled,
Flew with it to his native skies,
And waved it o'er the world.